Saturday Review of Literature

TWENTY CENTS

NOVEMBER 3, 1951

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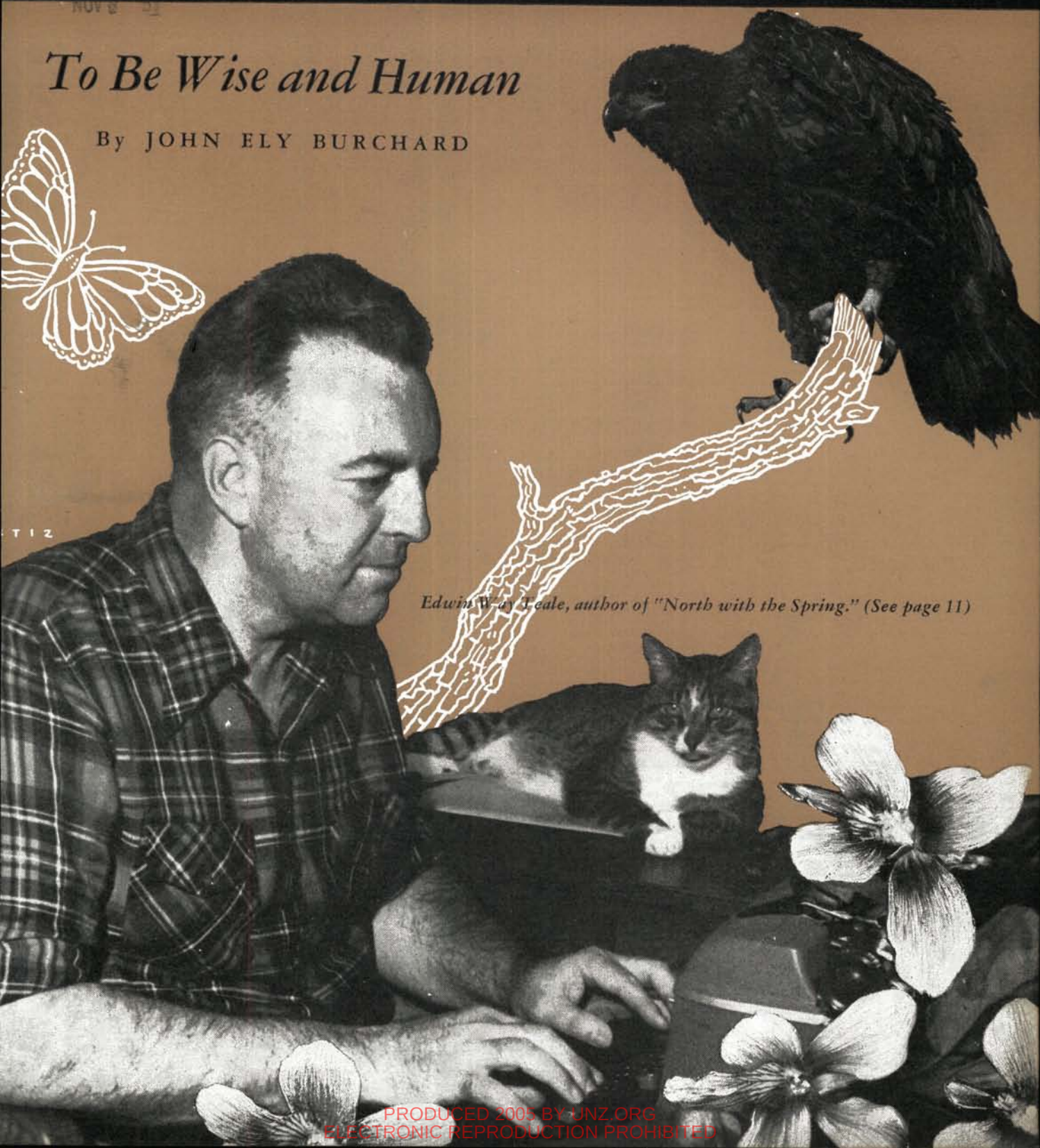
To Be Wise and Human

By JOHN ELY BURCHARD



Edwin Way Teale, author of "North with the Spring." (See page 11)

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New Models in Pork Chops

If you were to design a pig, you'd probably start with some *well-streaked* bacon, surround it with *tender* chops and *meaty* roasts, and append a couple of hams—ones that would fit nicely in an apartment-size oven.

These specifications are ones that customers, by their preferences and purchases, pass along to meat packers. Meat packers pass them along to the farmers who raise the pigs.

And the farmers give ear! Throughout the corn country the stylish stout that could once be counted on to cop the blue ribbons gradually is taking a back seat to the more streamlined pig of tomorrow.

Through selective breeding and balanced feeding, farmers are getting pigs that put on more pounds of meat in less time and put it on in the right places. And many farmers are getting them to market at the tender age of six months instead of the usual year.

All of which adds up to this: When it comes to meat, the lady with the market basket finally calls the turn.

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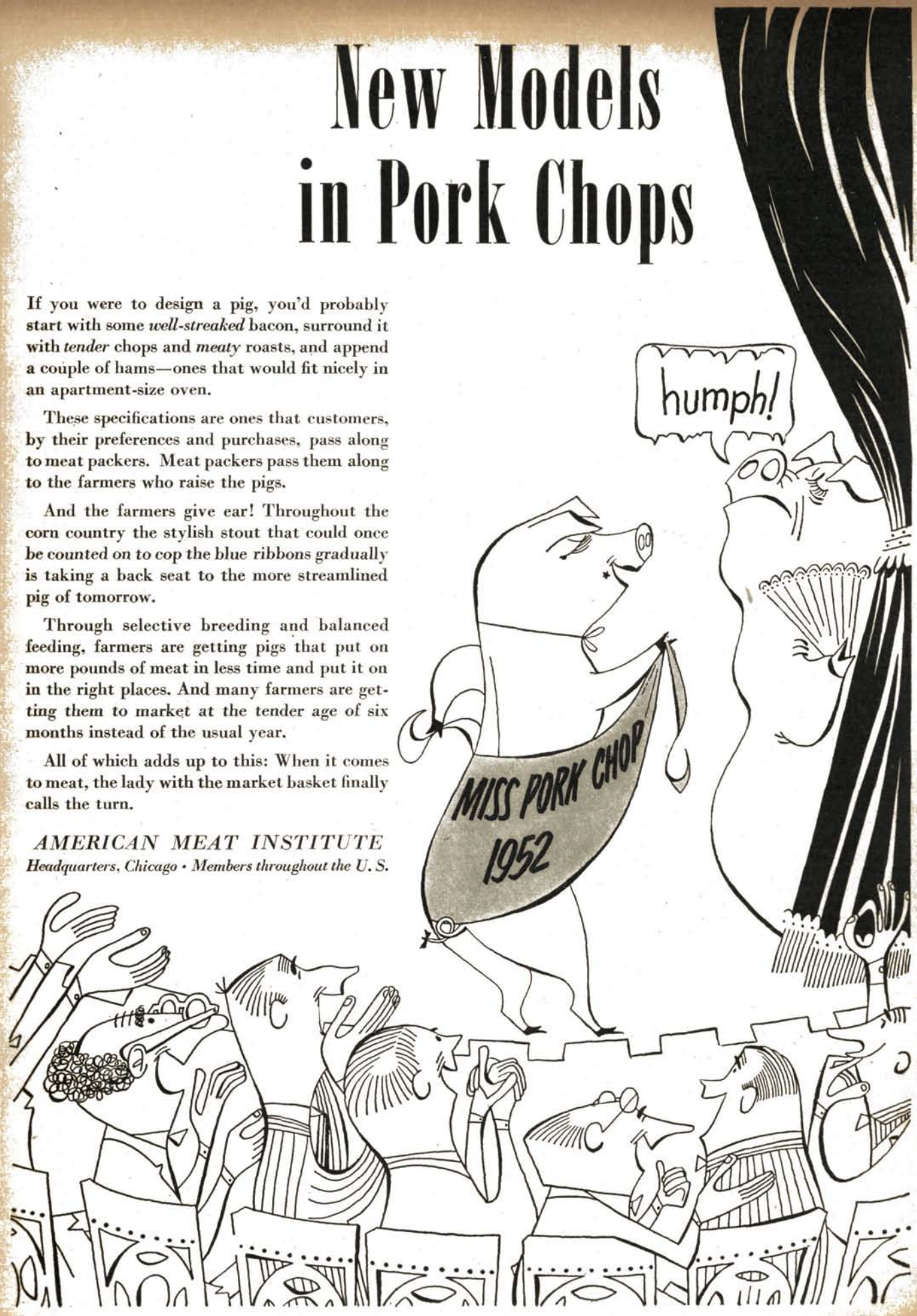

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November 3, 1951

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the powerful new movie *The Red Badge of Courage*—the John Huston MGM production that the *Saturday Review* termed "a classic of American film making. It remains Crane's story, recast but unchanged."

Published in 1895, Stephen Crane's trail-blazing psychological novel of the Civil War was eagerly read, and its undiluted realism drew violent abuse—General McClurg attacked it as "a vicious satire upon American soldiers." But the tight, imaginative writing by a 22-year-old newspaperman who had never seen a battle impressed men like Henry James, William Dean Howells, Joseph Conrad and H. G. Wells. Twentieth-century critics agree with Ernest Hemingway that it is "one of the finest books in our literature."

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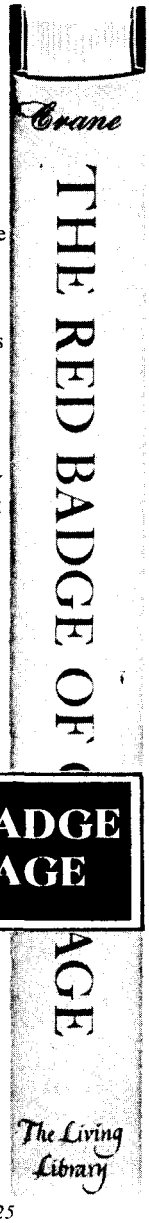

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by STEPHEN CRANE
Illustrated by WINSLOW HOMER
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TRADE Winds

THERE'S A GENTLEMAN IN NEW YORK who is convinced that publishers are passing up millions of dollars in sales every year by failing to emphasize the value of books as industrial Christmas presents. What's more, he's laying a goodly sum of his own on the line to prove he's right. Since his name is Sidney Satenstein, and his American Book-Stratford Press presumably would get the contracts for a reasonable share of the expected step-up in production, it might be argued that his gesture is not entirely disinterested. Nevertheless, competitors admire his initiative, and will not be above sharing in the potential profits.

Satenstein is launching his campaign with a series of come-on ads in the financial sections of the New York dailies. Holliston Mills will follow suit in Boston. The broad thesis of their plea is: why be slaves of moldy tradition and send out the same old date books nobody carries any more, stale cigars, perfumes, inferior liquor that is passed on to the elevator boys, or neckwear the elevator boys won't even accept? Why not send books instead? They are at one time an accolade to the donor's cultural background and an implied compliment to the beneficiary's intelligence! Furthermore, a note will be enclosed in each package indicating that the book may be exchanged. Nothing to stop a man from swapping "The Mathematics of Euclid" for an illustrated edition of "Fanny Hill."

The Doubleday Bookshops in New York and the Walden Chain in Boston will tie in with the ambitious Satenstein-Holliston plan by hiring beautiful Conover models to beard prospective customers in their lairs. The models will be trained to suggest the proper titles, make out lists, and word accompanying cards appropriately.

The girls who are being chosen for this missionary work are calculated to get through the stiffest barbed wire entanglements and protective secretaries, straight into the bosses' innermost sanctums by merely wiggling their various appendages. It will be up to them to assuage said bosses' rage, and persuade them to sign on the dotted line when the message lisped into their ears turns out to be something like "How's for taking care of your gift list this Christmas with eight hundred copies of Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason'?"

If you are interested in further details of this praiseworthy attempt to step up volume in the book business, the American Booksellers Association, at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, will be happy to send you reprints of the plan in detail and the seductive sales talks prepared to put it into execution.

WERE I BUT A MILLIONAIRE tycoon with a gift list of hundreds to take care of, I believe I'd divide my book investment among Marshall Davidson's two-volume "Life in America," the superb new American Oxford Atlas, the perfectly edited Rodgers and Hart Song Book, and Lloyd Morris's copiously illustrated and hilarious local history of the past hundred years, "Incredible New York." . . . For golfing enthusiasts who love gadgets, a Trija set of scientifically matched golf clubs on a single shaft is a present they'll be talking about and showing off for months. The entire outfit weighs only three pounds, and by means of an interchangeable club heads can be welded into a solid one-piece unit with a twist of the wrist. A Trija is just the thing for a golfer who travels a lot—or for a course where caddies are scarce. (The Trija Corporation's headquarters are 2820 N. W. Seventh Avenue, Miami, Florida.) . . .If you *must* give liquor, you will delight a connoisseur with Jack Daniels Number Seven—the best damn bourbon I ever tasted. Bill Faulkner and Robert Penn Warren will bear me out. . . . The most beautiful new tie and robe designs of the year emanate from the studio of Brooke Cadwallader. A note to him at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York, will bring the name of the dealer who handles his limited product in your own bailiwick. . . .

"MOVIETIME U.S.A." represents a frenzied but misguided effort by motion picture interests to win the play back from television upstarts. Somebody sold Hollywood on the idea that carloads of second-grade stars whoops-a-doodling about the country making

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ALFRED·A·KNOPF, *Publisher*

personal appearances would initiate a stampede back to the box office. Not only is this sort of ballyhoo out of date, but it has turned out to be unnecessary. The way to get people back to the movie houses is to give them pictures they want to see, and

the upsurge in receipts that has followed the release of an unprecedented number of top-flight productions proves my point. The wonderfully exhilarating "An American in Paris," "A Place in the Sun," "Detective Story," "Show Boat," Disney's "Alice in Wonderland," "The Red Badge of Courage," "The River," "People Will Talk," and "A Streetcar Named Desire" are breaking records wherever they are shown.

In the offing are several other fine offerings. M-G-M's "Quo Vadis" is expected to gross forty million dollars at box offices the world over in the next five years! Fox's "Decision Before Dawn," Tola Litvak's production of the Christopher Award novel "Call It Treason" will be another box-office smash. Alec Guinness in "The Lavender Hill Mob" provides the kind of superior English humor that was embodied in the same studio's "A Passport to Pimlico." And one of the most praiseworthy of all is Sam Goldwyn's upcoming "I Want You," which dares to tackle serious current problems most movie makers have been shying away from in recent months. Irwin Shaw wrote the script. Mr. Goldwyn, always a lone wolf, would have none of the ballyhoo of Movietime U.S.A.'s traveling circuses. His "I Want You" will show up the pap being ladled out on most TV "draymers" and stale comedy routines as no "personal appearances" of all the stars put together could accomplish in a year. . . .

MR. GOLDWYN WAS A VISITOR to TV's "What's My Line?" a few Sunday nights ago. That's a popular panel show in which I've participated recently, along with Arlene Frances, Dorothy Kilgallen, John Daly, and Hal Block. Mr. G. was the "mystery guest" of the week, and according to custom the panel put on blindfolds before he entered. Unfortunately, his identity was no particular mystery to me, since the day before the show he

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had impulsively phoned to demand, "Hey, what kind of questions are you going to ask me tomorrow night?" I confined myself to asking "Are you a comedian?" (Mr. G. answered "no") and let somebody else guess his identity. Later Sam asked, "Why didn't you give me a chance to mention 'I Want You'?" I pointed out that I had purposely inquired, "Why are you in New York?" but that he had failed to take advantage of the opening. Sam replied, "You know I never listen!"

There are two other Goldwyn pronouncements I enjoyed recently. A fellow-producer persuaded him to attend a preview of a blood-and-thunder picture, and at its conclusion enthused, "Isn't that a real, old-fashioned swashbuckler for you?" Goldwyn wisely pointed out, "The trouble is, it buckles where it should swash!" And Moss

Hart tells about the day Mr. Goldwyn asked how he was progressing with his script on the life of Hans Christian Andersen. "If you don't like the job I've done," proclaimed Moss earnestly, "I will emulate Van Gogh, cut off my ear, and present it to you." "My boy," said Goldwyn, "in my desk I've got a whole drawer full of ears. All I ask from you is a good box-office script."

—BENNETT CERF.

Soldier's Wife

By Hannah Kahn

IF EVER, when tired to exhaustion
you think that you hear
a voice through the sounds of fire
the thunder of war,
know that the voice is mine
that reaches through space,
know that the word is love
that the word is there.

If ever you stand in the rain
and are cold to the bone,
and suddenly ache with a need
that you cannot bear . . .
and the sky sends a shaft of light
that rips through the air,
then know it is I who come
it is I who cry
and the word that I speak is love
and the word will not die.

Meeting the Emergency. Telephone people not only worked valiantly to restore service but to keep it going. Dikes of sandbags were thrown around telephone offices. Switchboards raised above rising waters. Emergency power plants set up. Mobile radio telephones rushed to towns where telephone offices were washed out.

FIGHTING THE NATION'S COSTLIEST FLOOD

From the flooded sections of Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma have come stories of the loyalty, skill and courage of telephone people in one of the Nation's worst floods.

Many returned from vacations to help. In one town, a single radio appeal for former operators brought twice as many as were needed. Hundreds of trained telephone people from other states were rushed to the scene to help their fellow workers.

Once again the Western Electric Company—the Bell System's manufacturing and supply unit—proved its value in an emergency. By plane, fast freight and truck it rushed millions of feet of cable and wire, telephones, switchboards and other needed equipment.

No one can tell when or where such emergencies will occur, but the Bell System has to be ready and able to handle them when they happen. That means financially able as well as physically able.

This points up again that it takes a financially strong telephone company, with a strong supply organization like Western Electric, to give the Nation the service it requires.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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New books from 4 favorite authors

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JOHN STEINBECK

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IRWIN EDMAN

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GENE FOWLER

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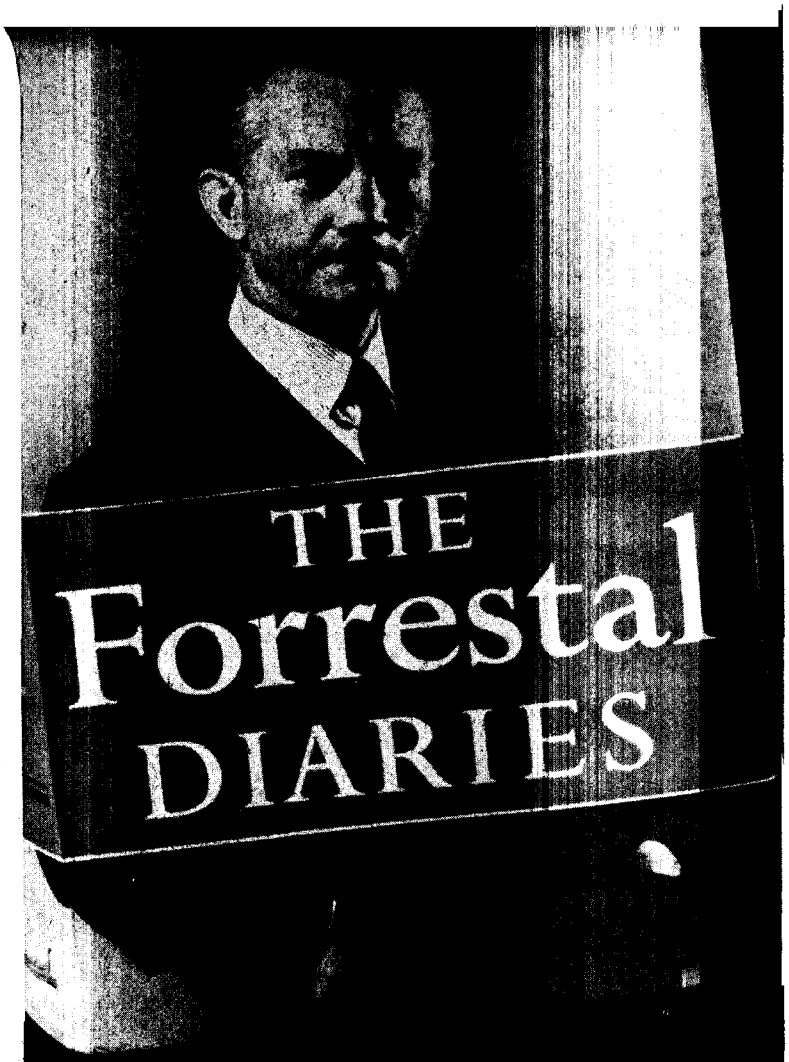
HERBERT GOLD "writes with charm and talent ... benevolent wit, radical perception, and intellectual vigor."—*The Nation* $3.50 **BIRTH OF A HERO**



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To Be Wise and Human

JOHN ELY BURCHARD

John E. Burchard

THERE have been few moments in history when some moral men have not been disturbed by the morality of their day; when some sensitive men have not repined for a happier past; or when the shadow of imminent doom has not seemed to some men to lie across the land. This recurring concern was expressed by Francis Bacon, "Good things never appear in their full beautie, till they turne their backe and be going away."

It is hard to say whether we of this moment are more preoccupied with our fears than were most of our forebears. It is certainly true that the end of the world has been predicted often before this, and with no more and no less justification. In any case, the current indictment is worth examining.

We can begin with some facts. It is true that the century has witnessed an enormous expansion in the quantity of scientific research, and hence in great additions to our knowledge of the physical universe. It is true that the people of the West have become adroit at applying this new knowledge in the form of engineering works: many things now are ordinary which only yesterday were impossible.

When the ionosphere is favorable we can speak, after a momentary delay, to anyone in the world who has access to a telephone. Given an airstrip, we can be transported at fantastic speed to another airstrip so far away that the time needed to get from one major point in the world to another has become essentially negligible. We have developed the art of healing and preventive medicine to a degree that promises a child born today, in the technologically advanced and economically prosperous parts of this West, an even chance of living more than seventy years. This more than doubles his comparable expectancy had he been born in the most advanced country a century ago. Through improvements in the strains of animals and plants and the development of new foods for plants and animals larger yields can be expected from the same earth. We have learned how to drain the overwet soils and moisten those which are overdry. We take water through great mountain ranges and under continental divides, from places where it is not needed to deserts which it makes green. All of this we have done and can do. Obviously we shall do more. In this accomplishment and in the promise there are enormous potential and partially realized benefits.

There are also less encouraging facts. The peoples of China or India and Indonesia and the Amazon basin, and of the great veldts and forests of Africa have few telephones and few radios. Their airstrips terminate in roads leading to an armed camp, to an isolated hotel, or simply in the mud. There are many people in the world who have never seen a wheel. Certainly there still are millions, like the southern Arabs of a decade ago, who would be at a loss as to how to use a wheelbarrow or a Western hoe. The life expectancy in Asia today is lower than it was in Europe a hundred years ago. The better strains of animals and plants are unknown in some areas of the world, and even suspect. Plant and animal diseases still are not controlled; and deserts continue to increase following the misuse of woods and hills. And despite these checks the population in these areas continues to increase at a frightening rate. Though as Bacon has said, "Acornes were good till bread was found," there are still more people in the world who know acorns than who know bread.

UP TO this point, then, no one can deny the indictment against contemporary civilization that, even if a small part of the world has enjoyed enormous physical advances, these advantages have not been widespread. Unless we are callously indifferent or egregiously egocentric or enormously conceited, this charge is not easy to live with.

At the other extreme the indictment might declare that the potential advantages of these advances have brought no real enjoyment to the countries of their origin: we do not know how to use our new leisures. Its results have been to sterilize our culture. We can interpret advance only in material terms. Modern painting is so revelatory of this situation that we try not to discuss it. We make it possible for people to live longer; but we are ruthless in discouraging them to

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John Ely Burchard is dean of humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Dr. Burchard's essay will appear as part of the Church Peace Union symposium "Religious Faith and World Culture," to be published later this month by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

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be useful in their old age. Our mass education has produced literacy, but no taste. As a matter of fact, even the profusion of communication does no good. Most Americans, for example, cannot explain with any accuracy what the United Nations is and is not. In pursuit of mass education we have become thoroughly confused as to what a truly democratic education would be. All we have accomplished is so to water down higher education that for the most part the chances of topflight, well-informed leadership have been reduced, not augmented. Where we have maintained first-rate higher education we have so specialized it that technically skilled individuals are unprepared for effort outside their specialty. We have allowed our standards of what is ethical in public life to deteriorate. Hour after hour radio and television deluge our half-trained and lazy minds with miserably cheap and sometimes vicious stuff. Racial tensions have increased, not diminished. We practise discrimination in ways which are more hurtful than the ways of our past. So one might read on with Cassandra to the end of a long chapter.

This attack upon the culture of the West, and particularly that of the United States, is open to a broad counterattack. Even if the allegations against our culture were true, however—and I believe they are deceptive—that could be a matter of local concern. But if the allegations about the state of the world are true then it is a matter for universal concern.

Again we may start with facts. Short-wave radio and telephony can also supply techniques which will guide troops and airplanes to their destinations. This same radio can be used to attack men's minds and souls instead of their buildings and their bodies. The vehicles which whisk us around the world in no time can whisk atomic bombs even faster. What we know about the control of disease can also be applied to put disease out of control. Deserts instead of verdant fields may, perhaps, be made in new ways.

These misuses disturbed Winston Churchill when he was considering the history of the last fifty years:

> The whole prospect and outlook of mankind grew immeasurably larger, and the multiplication of ideas also proceeded at an incredible rate. This vast expansion was unhappily not accompanied by any noticeable advance in the stature of man, either in his mental facilities, or his moral character. His brain got no better, but it buzzed the more. The scale of events around him assumed gigantic proportions while he remained about the same size. By comparison therefore he actually became much smaller. We no longer had great men directing manageable affairs. Our need was to disciple an array of gigantic and turbulent facts. To this task we have certainly so far proved unequal. Science bestowed immense new powers on man and at the same time created conditions which were largely beyond his comprehension and still more beyond his control. While he nursed the illusion of growing mastery and exulted in his new trappings, he became the sport and presently the victim of tides and currents, of whirlpools and tornadoes amid which he was far more helpless than he had been for a long time.

I suggest that this indictment is exaggerated. It will not stand either in comparison with man's past or in the light of the present activities and conduct of the West.

LET US examine it first at the level of the individual. There have been times in history when people danced madly in the streets in anticipation of immediate death. Time and again the people of old Russia went to their houses expecting not to see another dawn. Does this happen in the Western world? How many people does one personally know who have committed suicide or gone crazy, thus escaping from this present sad environment? How many are spending most of the hours of their days hating everyone else, listening to nonsense, despairing of any future for themselves, their children, or their race? How many have ceased to struggle for the simple ideals which seem to them worthwhile and even achievable? How many are sitting morosely waiting for the Day of Judgment? If this is not a time for heedless laughter, neither has it in fact become a time for sullen despair.

The record of history also has much to say. When have men ever "directed manageable affairs" for any length of time? We may learn sooner now about the consequences of our mismanagement. A Warren Hastings might come earlier to trial; but it is a time-chart which has changed, not the capacity of men to deal with men, which, unfortunately, has never been very high. Nor are the consequences now more bitter. Technology has merely insured that they will not accumulate too long before they are felt.

When, save for really brief lulls, has the world not witnessed savage conflicts between nations? Did the Spartans look better to the Athenians than the men of the Kremlin to us? The Goths to Rome? The legions of Napoleon to the monarchs of Europe and their supporters?

Are the divisions between humanity intensified, or are they merely better

known? An Asiatic may now express his hatred of a Westerner. Is this hatred greater than Inca felt for Spaniard?

Belsen and the prison camps of Siberia are far more than irrational; they are inhuman. And Belsen, let us face it, was a direct product of Western Europe, not of some oriental despotism. But are these camps less inhuman than the slave gangs of the Belgian Congo or the Inquisition in the Netherlands or many other torturing oppressions?

When has there ever been a truly world civilization? When has it previously been sought or deemed desirable? At best, it has been a matter of trying to bring certain parts of the world within our orbit and forgetting the rest. Now we can no longer forget the rest.

What, then, is really different about our present situation? The difference is mostly one of scale, and the scale of our problems is the result of engineering. This difference need not be a danger. It is, in fact, rather promising if only we do not relapse into fatalism, a fatalism which is implicit, for example, in Marxism.

What is really different then is, first, scale; and secondly, our realization of the world as a whole. It is significant that in this country the long-forgotten words of Donne have become a cliché:

> No man is an Iland intire of it self; every man is a peece of the Continent, a part of the maine; if a Clod bee washed away by the Sea, Europe is the lesse, as well as if a Promontorie were, as well as if a Mannor of thy friends or of thine owne were; any mans death diminishes me, because I am involved in Mankinde. . . .

The fact that so many of us realize the truth of these words is an occasion for hope, not for despair.

We have moved forward, even though slowly. No contemporary Jef-

(*Continued on page 32*)

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Nature. *Two of the most revered of American writers on nature and three of the most highly regarded of contemporary specialists in the same genre are represented in the books we review this week. Jean Jacques Audubon and John Burroughs rank with Henry Thoreau and John Muir among the "greats" of the past; some of their finest work has been carefully edited in "Audubon's Animals" and "John Burrough's America." Interestingly enough, our reviewers' view of both men's achievements is less than starry-eyed. Two living naturalists, Roy Chapman Andrews and Ivan T. Sanderson, attempt to "popularize" animal life in "Nature's Ways" and "How to Know the American Mammals," with middling results. But Edwin Way Teale crowns a distinguished career by tracing the coming of spring to the Atlantic seaboard in an excellent volume, "North with the Spring."... Cathy Hayes's "The Ape in Our House" is the engrossing story of a couple's experiment at raising a chimpanzee.*

A Dream Come True

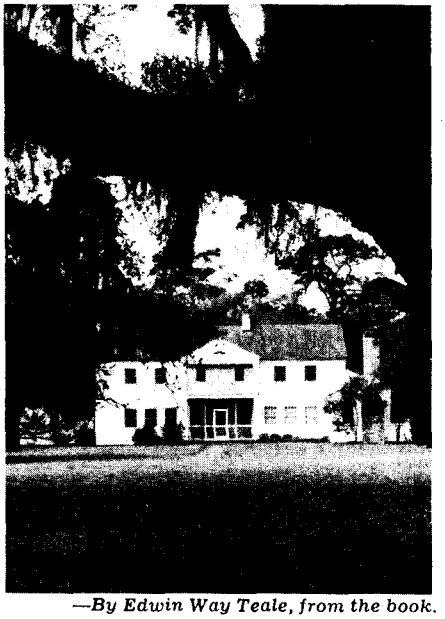
NORTH WITH THE SPRING. By Edwin Way Teale. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 366 pp. $5.

By Donald Culross Peattie

THE subtitle of this book is "A Naturalist's Record of a 17,000-mile Journey with the North-American Spring." "When we talked over our plans with friends," says the author, "we discovered that our dream was a universal dream. They, too, had beguiled themselves, on days when winter seemed invincible, with thought of lifting anchor and, leaving everyday responsibilities behind, drifting north with the spring."

Indeed, the present reviewer's dream for many years has been to write a book on this very subject. Now it is written for him, written beautifully, and written out of a wide knowledge of nature, including insects, reptiles, batrachians, as well as the birds, flowers, and trees in which everyone takes an interest.

More, it is superbly illustrated with photographs — each with the Teale touch upon them that has made them a by-word for excellence. There are millions of photographers in this country; many turn, at times, to nature subjects. But, strangely enough, the camera never seems to record anything that is not in the brain of the man who opens the shutter. Most people's out-of-doors photographs have nothing to tell us about nature, because the photographer did not really know anything himself—he was just captivated by some scenic composition, some quaintness or appeal of an animal, some freakish bit of driftwood. Mr. Teale, who knows his nature more widely, it is likely, than any other professional photographer, cannot open his shutter without capturing a wealth of truth. His pictures are clear as morning in their statement, and their beauty is not artificially created with lenses and printing and contrived compositions that soften and sweeten what they touch, but are genuine, their beauty arising where true beauty must, out of the order and meaning, the function and the rightness of things. A lonely shell beach, beach grass blowing, the fierce, glassy stare of a burrowing owl, grackles on lily pads, the hovering of a gull, the silence of the Suwanee, the motionlessness of a clapper rail, the deceptive candor of a sundew waiting with death upon its blades for its prey, the surprising wilderness of New Hampshire's Mount Washington above timberline—these are but a few of the subjects that help the book to be worth the five dollars it costs.



—*By Edwin Way Teale, from the book.*

Bull's Island—"egrets and vultures."

Many people on their annual migration from Florida in the winter to their homes in the North make a journey like Mr. and Mrs. Teale's. But the Teales took four months to it, where most people try to make it in four days. They stayed from two days to two weeks in places that interested them—and what places! In Florida they visited Sanibel Island, the shell-collector's paradise, the Kissimee prairie and the Lake Okeechobee district, and the "big scrub" about which the lovely juvenile "The Yearling" was written, and where the Teales visited its author, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. In Louisiana Mr. Teale viewed from the air the Mississippi delta where I spent some of the most vivid months of my childhood; in Georgia they explored the enchantments of the Okefenokee Swamp, one of the healthiest and most beautiful spots in the South; in South Carolina they visited Bull's Island sanctuary, a spot I shall never forget for its snowy egrets and black vultures, like angels of good and evil, sailing silently above the scraggly cypress, while our dugouts slid through the alligator-infested waters and the Negro boatmen conversed in Gullah instead of English. April found the Teales in North Carolina, visiting Pearson's Falls near Tryon for its trilliums, and down on the coast the famous savanna near Burgaw in the Cape Fear region, covered with insectivorous pitcher plants, sundews, and Venus's-flytraps. In Tennessee they visited the mysterious Nickajack Cave and the Great Smokies—the only Eastern mountains that ever touch those of the West for grandeur. The Dismal Swamp—which is not dismal but tenderly lovely—and the Blue Ridge mountains at Jefferson's home drew the Teales in Virginia. They stopped in the New Jersey pine barrens, paid the inevitable pilgrimage to Thoreau's Walden Pond, visited the Cape Cod dunes, and ended up, very appropriately, on the longest day of the year (the end of spring) in the lovely "alpine gardens" atop Mount Washington.

Through the pages of this delightful travel book flit warblers by the scores, each vivid as a jewel, definite of voice, in Mr. Teale's descriptions, as so many famous opera stars. Flowers expand their gleaming petals before us; we see insects dart; we hear the songs of all the different frogs, tree toads, and

Donald Culross Peattie is the author of "The Flowering Earth," "Singing in the Wilderness," and numerous other books on nature.

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peepers; we make the acquaintance of a surprising number of snakes; and, above all, we get the "feel" of each locality described.

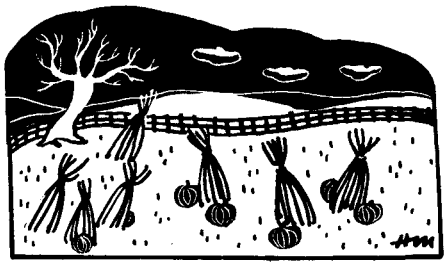
True that there are many interesting things to tell about each of these regions which Mr. Teale has left out. For instance, in describing the New Jersey pine barrens, he never really lets us *see* the pines, or even tells us what kind they are; he gives little idea of how the barrens came into existence, right in the heart of the most intensively populated and closely cultivated parts of the country, has almost nothing to say of the "Pineys," the inhabitants—who and what they are, where they came from (an astounding story), how they live and make a living; he tells nothing of the bog iron and the charcoal from this region that helped to win the American Revolution, and little enough of the ale-brown streams, whose waters were so valued on old sailing ships, or the dark cedars, and the role that their wood has played in American life. But, in compensation, we learn unexpected things —of rare flowers like the swamp pink, the turkeybeard, the pyxie moss, and the sand myrtle; we hear the Fowler's toad "lift the metallic bray of its love song," and we follow the fierce, vivid lives of many wasps and velvet ants, and learn of rare butterflies in the barrens.

But if Mr. Teale is not thorough with the various locales, and if he moved too fast to avoid missing much that is moving and beautiful (I'm afraid he didn't hear the water thrush at Pearson's Falls—the very voice and embodying spirit of the place—or he would surely have mentioned it), still he never bores one for a moment. He has passed up a great deal of the little-explored science of phenology—the relation between climate and periodic biologic manifestations—in favor of amusing details of motor-court sleeping and wayside eating, and scraps of chatter with strangers. But the general reader will find even these pleasingly done and will not miss what he does not know and is not told of here.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 918)

BROOKS PALMER:
[*THE BOOK OF*]
AMERICAN CLOCKS

A clock marked a definite advance for a town formerly dependent for the marking of noon on the sound of a bell or cannon. . . . In America the eighteenth century was marked by the appearance of clocks in homes as symbols of prosperity.



Means of Survival

NATURE'S WAYS. By Roy Chapman Andrews. New York: Crown Publishers. 206 *pp.* $3.75.

By MARSTON BATES

HERE IS A fine specimen of the "oh my!, ain't nature grand" school of writing. It has already made the best-seller lists. This means that it will reach a wider audience than the usual nature book, which gives importance to an examination of its content, method, and possible influence.

The book is built around the theme of the adjustments of animals to their environment, especially their ways of getting food and avoiding enemies—in the words of the subtitle, "how nature takes care of its own." There is a short introduction organized under the headings of concealing and protective coloration, mimicry, immobility, speed, sight, smell, warning signals, armor, specialization, and adaptation. This is followed by 140 short articles on particular animals (or, in five cases, plants) written to illustrate one or another of these topics. Each article has a picture or two, frequently in gaudy colors. The articles average about a page in length, so that the result is a picture on almost every page.

The arrangement of the articles appears to be completely random, but at the beginning of the book there is a detailed list of contents, followed by a classification of the articles by topics; and the book ends with a detailed index. Most of the subjects are exotic—okapis, electric eels, megapodes, sloths, Australian sea horses, cheetahs—but there are a few neighborhood animals like raccoons, porcupines, robins, and rattlesnakes.

There is something on almost every page that would cause the average scientist to raise his eyebrows. This is an inevitable result of the method of writing, which follows the "believe it or not" technique of striking statement. The statements would most of them be unexceptional if they had been put in the subjunctive, but the subjunctive is ill-adapted to this sort of exposition and "it might be" becomes "it is." The explanation of queer appearance or bizarre behavior is thus not hampered by "probably," "possibly," or "it seems as though." The result, although unscientific, provides a handy way of getting an idea across by jarring the reader into stopping to think, or by offering a clear challenge to some commonly held conception. The method must be judged, then, by its effectiveness in getting ideas across, rather than by the details of factual accuracy. After all, a book like this is aimed at the biologically illiterate, and it must be considered successful if it arouses an interest where none existed before, or promotes a more general understanding of the complexity of natural processes. The qualifications and subjunctives will come later to any reader who pursues such an interest.

Nature is personified all through the book; and so are all of nature's creatures. This phrasing, too, can be excused as a convenient sort of shorthand. Thus we learn that the ant bear "wishes only to be left alone"; that the cricket "is content to fiddle his way through life"; that the bittern "knows well enough that he is virtually invisible"; that the puff adder "stages an act in front of an enemy." The cumulative effect of such writing, however, is an impression that the book was written for people whose illiteracy extends beyond biology.

And, in fact, it is primarily a picture book. The colored paintings—like the text—are too gaudy for my taste, but they catch the eye and often neatly illustrate the point intended. There are, besides the paintings, many photographs. These are not outstanding examples of wildlife photography; mostly they show zoo animals or American-museum habitat groups. But again they illustrate the points intended.

It thus seems that the book is essentially innocuous, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. I found, though, that the sticky phrasing and rich pictures induced a slight feeling of queasiness as I read; and searching for an antidote, I happened to pick up one of the learned monographs by the late Will Cuppy. The queasiness miraculously disappeared. After all, nature is wonderful. But full appreciation requires a blending of Dr. Andrews with Dr. Cuppy. I wish the two could be packaged together.

Marston Bates, a member of the staff of the International Health Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, is the author of "The Natural History of Mosquitoes" and "The Nature of Natural History."

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Tribute to a Tradition

AUDUBON'S ANIMALS: The Quadrupeds of North America. Compiled and edited by Alice Ford. New York: Studio Publications, in association with Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 222 pp. $12.50.

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

THIS beautifully produced volume so nearly approaches, if it does not actually achieve, perfection in both the art and technique of modern publishing that it leaves this reviewer in a somewhat schizophrenic frame of mind. One might easily over-emphasize this aspect of the work and this would be grossly unfair to Alice Ford, who is the compiler and editor, and also the authoress of a considerable body of the fluent and interesting historical text contained therein. To do so, moreover, would be the more reprehensible because her contribution is only a condensed end-product of years of masterly and original research into the subject, which warrants the utmost praise and full recognition.

There comes, then, still a further conflict of mind. It is necessary to present for the edification of potential readers of this book certain observations—unbiased or otherwise, in accordance with the license permitted reviewers in a democracy—not only upon the compiler's achievement, but also on that of the original work presented. It so happens that this reviewer holds opinions on the latter that appear to be widely at variance with those held by almost everybody else. For this reason they may be worth recording.

Jean Jacques Audubon, as a personality, fills a unique niche in our cultural tradition. He is also virtually immortalized as the original conservationist and the greatest animal artist. Apart, however, from a few somewhat offhand and half-hearted murmurations, such as those noted by Miss Ford on page 47 anent the probable extinction of the American bison, Audubon's writings are singularly lacking in any vision of the desperate need for planned conservation that both this and every other country were to face only a century later. This in no way detracts from the expressions he did leave for us on this subject, nor from the magnificent work being done in this field by the great Society founded in his name.

When it comes to the popular modern practice of practically deifying Audubon as a depictor of animals—a procedure that has become a regular cult, like that of Gilbert and Sullivan, for the mere appreciation of which formal attire seems now to be required—it becomes essential to take issue with the whole current trend. Audubon was in some respects a modest man, and like all born artists was often dissatisfied with his products, but he was assured to the point of bumptiousness that nobody could, or ever would, match his skill in portraying the exact likenesses of the animals he drew and painted.

What is good or bad *art* constitutes substance for a discussion that can probably never be solved to anybody's satisfaction, but the shape of an animal can be very readily decided by a camera. Moreover, the poses, attitudes, and expressions that an animal can adopt are determined and limited by its very musculature and general body structure. Despite Audubon's boasts, his method of squaring off his paper, his *camera-lucida,* or anything else, we defy anybody, artist or even taxidermist, to twist a bobcat or a lynx into the grotesque poses, or to cross their eyes to the extent that this great master did in the plates reproduced in this book. And this goes for the majority of Jean Jacques Audubon's products, but not to anything like the same extent for those of his industrious son, John Woodhouse Audubon, who actually painted many of the plates in this work.

The artist and art-appreciator may admire the work of this remarkable man to the fulness of their emotions, and the worst philistine may, and probably should do likewise, but any who either concurrently or solely may be interested in the beauty of animal form as it actually is in nature should beware of appraising these pictures as anything other than a compromise between the formalized sporting art of the nineteenth century and the worst efforts of contemporary caricaturists.

None of this detracts from the fascination of Audubon, any more than the lack of perspective detracts from certain more glorious phases of Ancient Egyptian art. Nor does it take anything away from the beauty and interest of this book. On the contrary, now that Miss Ford has so sensibly grouped the originals in a proper order, thus bringing all the squirrels, cats, rabbits, etc., together, instead of leaving them scattered at random as they were in the first two, and only other editions of the work ever published, we can for the first time really assess these works in their proper perspective. All the plates published in the original folios and many other delightful little sketches that Miss Ford has brought to light by her painstaking researches are herein presented in masterly sequence that does much to add to the readability of the book. The whole should stand as a monument to all who would attempt similar works.

—*From the book.*

"American Mink, Male and Female," a water color by J. J. Audubon.

Ivan T. Sanderson is the compiler of an anthology, "Animal Tales," and the author of "How to Know the American Mammals," which is reviewed in this issue **on page 14.**

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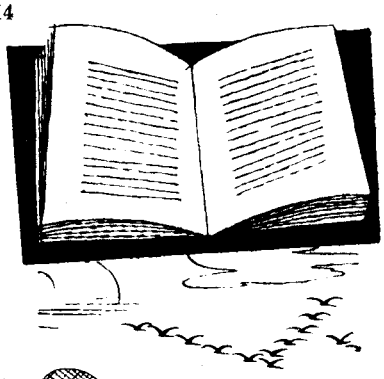


A Baedeker for Naturalists

HOW TO KNOW THE AMERICAN MAMMALS. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 164 pp. $2.50. Also published by New American Library, New York, in a paperbound edition at 35c.

By Donald Culross Peattie

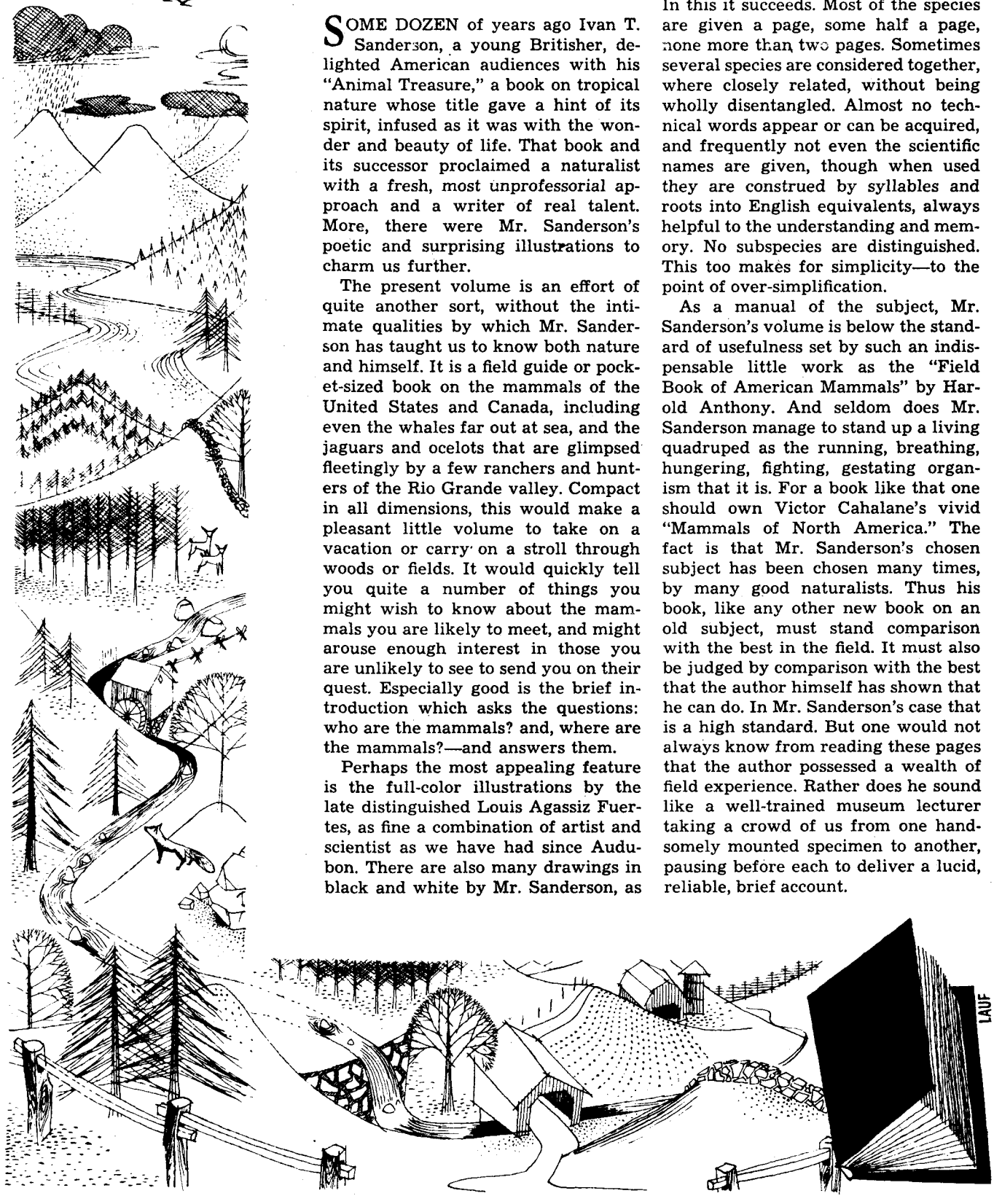
SOME DOZEN of years ago Ivan T. Sanderson, a young Britisher, delighted American audiences with his "Animal Treasure," a book on tropical nature whose title gave a hint of its spirit, infused as it was with the wonder and beauty of life. That book and its successor proclaimed a naturalist with a fresh, most unprofessorial approach and a writer of real talent. More, there were Mr. Sanderson's poetic and surprising illustrations to charm us further.

The present volume is an effort of quite another sort, without the intimate qualities by which Mr. Sanderson has taught us to know both nature and himself. It is a field guide or pocket-sized book on the mammals of the United States and Canada, including even the whales far out at sea, and the jaguars and ocelots that are glimpsed fleetingly by a few ranchers and hunters of the Rio Grande valley. Compact in all dimensions, this would make a pleasant little volume to take on a vacation or carry on a stroll through woods or fields. It would quickly tell you quite a number of things you might wish to know about the mammals you are likely to meet, and might arouse enough interest in those you are unlikely to see to send you on their quest. Especially good is the brief introduction which asks the questions: who are the mammals? and, where are the mammals?—and answers them.

Perhaps the most appealing feature is the full-color illustrations by the late distinguished Louis Agassiz Fuertes, as fine a combination of artist and scientist as we have had since Audubon. There are also many drawings in black and white by Mr. Sanderson, as well as a few pages of silhouettes of animal tracks.

The aim of the book, by which alone we may judge it, appears to be to assist the complete beginner in identifying our native mammals, in an approximate way, and to throw out a few of the interesting things there are to tell. In this it succeeds. Most of the species are given a page, some half a page, none more than two pages. Sometimes several species are considered together, where closely related, without being wholly disentangled. Almost no technical words appear or can be acquired, and frequently not even the scientific names are given, though when used they are construed by syllables and roots into English equivalents, always helpful to the understanding and memory. No subspecies are distinguished. This too makes for simplicity—to the point of over-simplification.

As a manual of the subject, Mr. Sanderson's volume is below the standard of usefulness set by such an indispensable little work as the "Field Book of American Mammals" by Harold Anthony. And seldom does Mr. Sanderson manage to stand up a living quadruped as the running, breathing, hungering, fighting, gestating organism that it is. For a book like that one should own Victor Cahalane's vivid "Mammals of North America." The fact is that Mr. Sanderson's chosen subject has been chosen many times, by many good naturalists. Thus his book, like any other new book on an old subject, must stand comparison with the best in the field. It must also be judged by comparison with the best that the author himself has shown that he can do. In Mr. Sanderson's case that is a high standard. But one would not always know from reading these pages that the author possessed a wealth of field experience. Rather does he sound like a well-trained museum lecturer taking a crowd of us from one handsomely mounted specimen to another, pausing before each to deliver a lucid, reliable, brief account.



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Sage of "Slabsides"

JOHN BURROUGHS' AMERICA: Selections from the Writings of the Hudson River Naturalist. Edited by Farida A. Wiley. New York: Devin-Adair, Inc. 304 pp. $4.

By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

I SHALL consign myself to damnation by making here, for the first time, my public confession that John Burroughs has never seemed to me quite first-rate. He does not tower intellectually, like Thoreau; he lacks the absolute purity of Muir's vision. Yet Burroughs enjoyed a popularity, amounting to public worship, which the other two never knew. As the bearded sage of "Slabsides," on the Hudson, he became the center of a cult and the object of pilgrimage. It is true that he had done what Bernard Shaw found so useful: he had stayed alive long enough to become venerable. But I think that Thoreau or Muir would have had to live half again as long as Burroughs's eighty-four years to become such objects of worship, and I can't imagine what Thoreau would then have made of it. Burroughs was a popular writer whose twenty-five books sold more than a million and a half copies. He expressed, really, the moral sentiment of an age that seriously doubted the materialistic objectives toward which it was driving headlong. People went to Burroughs as they went to church: it made them feel morally better.

This is unjust to Burroughs, just as these people were unjust to Burroughs in their flattery, just as he may even have been a bit unjust to himself. All these "nature writers" were essentially private journalists. They made jottings in notebooks through the years and then, from time to time, marshaled some of their jottings to make magazine articles, and the articles to make books. (Muir describes himself trying to arrange his Yosemite notes "in something like lateral, medial, and terminal moraines on my den floor.") They wrote a great many notes, all of them, and published more than is likely to stand the test of survival. What all of them have needed for their immortality, therefore, far more than do the novelists and poets, is devoted editors. Thoreau has had this, the more so as time has increased his eminence. Muir has never really had it, and all that gold still lies buried. Now, at last, Burroughs has it, and it is a delight to discover for the first time how good he really is.

—Jacket for "John Burroughs' America."

Farida A. Wiley is exceptionally competent to do the job of getting the best of Burroughs into one volume. She knew him at "Slabsides," has shown a great devotion to his memory, and is a naturalist herself. If she had been a cloistered scholar she might have attempted a more representative selection by including excerpts from such books as his polemic against theology, "The Light of Day," or the two that he wrote on Walt Whitman. This, however, is a labor of love, and of love specifically for the writing on nature. The selection, within these limits, is made with care and discrimination. I was astonished to be quite carried away by an account of getting lost in the woods that I must have read before, without being notably impressed, in "Wake-Robin." Comparing it with the original, I could see how much the effect had been heightened by dropping superfluous paragraphs here and there.

Finally, what could be better than to have Burroughs, thus distilled, illustrated by Francis Lee Jaques, who by some miracle of suggestion can make empty white space on a page seem like the most fragrant natural air? A generation after his cult has passed, John Burroughs has at last had justice done him, and it is surprising to find the best of him as contemporary as the drawings and, indeed, as the fields and woods that are their subject.

Louis J. Halle, Jr., who is associated with the Department of State, is the author of "Spring in Washington," "Birds Against Men," and other books on nature, as well as several volumes of personal essays.

Family Adjustments

THE APE IN OUR HOUSE. By Cathy Hayes. New York: Harper & Bros. 247 pp. $3.50.

By Belle J. Benchley

IN SEPTEMBER 1947 Cathy Hayes arrived at the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology in Orange Park, Florida, where her husband, Dr. Keith Hayes, was to become a research psychologist. Upon arrival the Hayes adopted Viki, a baby chimpanzee, just three days old, and took her to their home to become, not a pet, but a daughter, and "thereby hangs a tale." That tale is only in its beginning, for Viki is now only four years old. The story of her first three years has been delightfully recorded by "mama" Cathy Hayes in "The Ape in Our House."

Having watched for years the failure of dozens of such experimental associations between man and wild animals, including apes, I approached this chronicle with real skepticism. Even the favorable accounts I had heard of this particular association from mutual friends, all efficient critics, had left me dubious about its ultimate success.

After reading Cathy Hayes's book I must admit, in all honesty, that somewhere in the first two chapters I was completely disarmed and became thoroughly sympathetic toward my three new friends, Viki, Cathy, and Keith Hayes. I knew the parents were prepared by educational standards to receive their strange child, but I had doubted their complete understanding or realization that they were accepting not just for the present, but through a long future, great responsibilities and obligations toward the small creature they were transplanting into the new world.

By the time you are half way through these first three years so gallantly met and gaily described you become aware that life is a compromise and that the Hayes are meeting Viki more than half way, actually conforming to the ape pattern instead of expecting Viki to make all the sacrifices and try to become human.

One by one many of the material things that most young couples consider of primary importance are willingly sacrificed. It is more than draperies that are lopped off a few feet at a time as Viki grows. Much greater slashes have to be made in social and

Belle J. Benchley is director of the Zoological Society of San Diego, California.

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personal relationships, yes, even in human habits until at the end of the book you are quite prepared to have Cathy and Keith move into the cage-like home or home-like cage best fitted to the needs of their three-year-old daughter.

This cooperation, as Cathy so casually reveals it, lifts this particular experiment into a field of animal-human relationship entirely by itself. The second rare quality of Cathy's story is her ability to portray clearly, factually, and entertainingly her observations and conclusions without coloring or embellishing them to appeal to the craving for sensation.

With a child like Viki in the house and her ability to make the unexpected happen, a simple meal becomes an adventure, a show at a "drive-in theatre" becomes a colossal diversion when several small humans discover Viki sitting astride the window of the car parked next to their own. A two weeks' outing through several states is an undertaking to be compared only to the days of "Westward-Ho" and prairie schooners, for Viki's equipment and other requirements had all to be prepared for in advance and carried along.

Fortunately guests were highly entertained by Viki's pranks and her parents, realizing they were her show-off antics, were not distressed. It was much simpler affairs that gave her mother her most embarrassing moments—the attempt to purchase a pair of shoes, a priceless experience which you must read as Cathy tells it.

Viki had regular classes in which she learned to handle objects as directed, and to imitate both her parents in using blocks and other objects. Since the first hint in the press of a baby ape being taught to use words, Viki's achievement has been a matter of both critical and facetious editorial comment. Cathy Hayes treats this matter of speech with such business-like simplicity that it should clear up any vague misunderstanding of either its purpose or its results.

In her concluding chapters Mrs. Hayes seriously considers the questions she realizes are in the minds of her readers and frankly admits that some of them must wait for future developments. She reaches a superb height in her discussion of their problems, hopes, and responsibilities. Her realization that Viki cannot be returned to a normal life of an ape is something most such experimenters either do not realize or will not admit.

I am convinced that the Hayes are preparing to meet such problems even as the rapid growth and early sexual maturity of apes with good sense and

(*Continued on page 48*)

Fiction. *Of the hundreds of writers who publish novels with some regularity, only a handful possess the magic qualities that win them their own devoted following. Among the favored few unquestionably belongs Angela Thirkell, who since the early Thirties has been providing delightful, albeit standardized, pictures of life in the mythical English county of Barsetshire. Thirkell devotees need only hear of publication of "The Duke's Daughter" to start for the nearest bookstall. Since publication here two years ago of "The Egyptian," Finland's Mika Waltari has won many fans for his historical romances. His "The Wanderer," a tale of Finns at the Turkish sultan's court, maintains his high standards. Quietly but steadily over the past years C. P. Snow has been accumulating an audience for his serial study of one man trying to cope with the traps and delusions of the modern world. "The Masters" provides a good chance to become acquainted with a writer of rare talent.*

A Rogue Among the Osmanlis

THE WANDERER. By Mika Waltari. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 438 pp. $3.75.

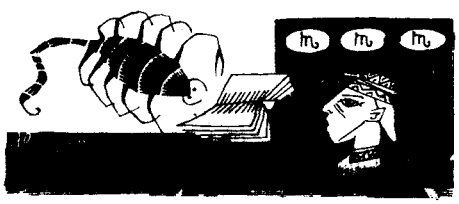
By Edmund Fuller

ONE CLEAR thing emerges from Mika Waltari's new novel "The Wanderer"—he possesses a touch of the comic genius. Though a thread of humor ran through "The Egyptian," it was dominated by the sheer narrative sweep of that dramatic book.

"The Adventurer," which followed it, began the rambling chronicle of the life of the Finnish rogue, Michael Furfoot, and was a panorama of early sixteenth-century Europe, encompassing the rise of Protestantism, the peasant revolts in Germany, and the sack of Rome. "The Wanderer" is a sequel. Its scene shifts to the other half of the world balance of power, the great Ottoman Empire in the dynasty of the Osmanlis who, if my own experience is any index, befuddled the minds of many lay readers of Toynbee.

"The Wanderer," and its preceding volume, are not without somber and grim notes. Yet the prevailing tone, in both books, emerges as a rich, satiric humor with roots in Voltaire and Cervantes. Though it comes in their wake, it is good reading, good entertainment, and highly informative. Mr. Waltari persuades us of his scholarship.

As a master of the historical novel, Waltari also satirizes his medium. He takes a dim, anti-heroic view of human nature, with a wry skepticism about the relations between the sexes. He is the laughing cynic, but not without a warm heart, for through his guileless first-person narrative he makes the almost worthless Michael appealing, and at times surprisingly complex. Part of this is achieved through Michael's candor.



The frame of the story carries Michael, his dim-witted but strong foster-brother Andy, and the girl Giulia, into slavery through a pirate raid. As slaves they reach the court of the great Sultan, Suleiman the Magnificent, where fate elevates Michael gradually to a perilous slave eminence, in what might be a footnote to Toynbee on the shrewd, flexible government techniques of the Osmanlis.

Giulia has one brown eye and one blue one, a circumstance which has frustrated her by frequently arousing a superstitious dread in men, as a consequence of which she is "almost a virgin." Her struggle between innate lechery and the pretexts of virtue often yield high comedy. "If he'd touched me," she asserts about the pirate captain, "I would have stabbed myself—I think."

The picture of the Moslem empire at its height of splendor and power is fascinating. In a disorderly world it had some points of stable law and government not unlike the material virtues of the earlier Pax Romana. The Grand Vizier, Ibrahim, with whose destinies Michael's own are linked, is a compelling figure.

Mr. Waltari adds to his growing body of distinguished work, extends his comic gifts, and gives more than a hint that we have not seen the last of Michael. That is all right with me.

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—*British Travel Association.*

Cambridge University undergraduates laze in the spring sunshine on the "Backs."

The Problems of Intellect

THE MASTERS. By C. P. Snow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 386 pp. $3.50.

By HARRISON SMITH

IT IS TIME that Americans discovered the merits of an English novelist named C. P. Snow. His latest book, "The Masters," is the third of a projected series of ten novels designed to illustrate the progress of a talented individual in a society in which it is becoming increasingly difficult for a man to achieve his goal, even though it is limited to the success he deserves in his profession; and a certain modicum of happiness in his personal life which can be defined as love and marriage. His work has been fallaciously described by a few bewildered critics as the beginning of another "Forsyte Saga," although Galsworthy's series of novels presented a solid texture of Victorian life and its progress toward the twentieth century, while Mr. Snow begins with the years after the First World War and goes forward into increasing chaos.

The narrator of these three books, and doubtless of the others to come, is a man named Lewis Eliot, a product of the lower fringes of the middle class, who managed to get into Cambridge. At the university, in the first volume, "The Light and the Dark," Eliot witnessed the downfall of a friend who lacked faith in the meaning, if any meaning remained, of the established and rooted organization of English society. In the second novel, "Time of Hope," Eliot endured an excruciatingly bitter struggle to become a lawyer. The merit of these novels lies in their deeply personal nature, the fight of one man against a hostile world. During his advancement he had fallen miserably in love and had married a frigid woman; his libido, given so little chance for development, could find no other home. He is left entitled at last to "wear the silk," a shattered man.

The third novel in this British pilgrim's progress is "The Masters," and for this interregnum in his hero's life Mr. Snow returns to the unnamed college in Cambridge University in which Lewis Eliot began his fictional life. He is established in a practice in London and has become a Fellow of his college; his personal life is in abeyance; his ambitions are stifled. He is again the narrator in a series of events that may seem astonishing to any American graduate of one of our Eastern universities which have adopted the English system of the integration of multiple colleges. The Master of the College is dying of cancer, and the question of which one of the Fellows in the upper brackets, the dean, the bursar, the head tutor, and the rest, is to succeed him engages the attention and the activities of these presumably brilliant and eminent men. It is the sort of tempest in a teapot that has entertained two generations of the readers of the Cathedral Town novels of Trollope.

Long before the celebrated Master is dead the Fellows, in their erudite and outwardly polite way, exhibit all of the manifestations of a bitter national contest for the control of Parliament. Sex, which was so vital a part of Eliot's youthful life, is forgotten or left simmering on the stove. Neither the dying Master nor the principal contenders for his rank are concerned with women except as subdued wives and mothers. Nor is the reader conscious that a horde of clamorous youths surround the serene and ancient apartments of their professors. Eliot's quiescence suits the year of the novel, 1937, when England and America were pacifist. An occasional brilliant younger man erupts into the closeted and venomous scene with news from the outer world, a discovery that will lead to the invention of radar or the atomic bomb, a report of the growth of Fascism in Germany, or the menace of the Spanish Revolution. They do not penetrate the eternally damp college bedrooms of the Master and his aspirants.

It is possible that a reader must become an addict of C. P. Snow to understand the fascination of his books and especially "The Master," in which a man of subtlety, intelligence, and endurance is biding his time, unconsciously waiting for the moment of progress and deliverance. Lewis Eliot will undoubtedly fall in love again and become a man of action and virility in future volumes. The writer has taken four years to produce three novels of the ten his publisher promises. It is a contest in longevity; will the reader or Mr. Snow be the first to die? At any rate, his thesis, the behavior of the intelligent individual in an increasingly Socialist society, is one of the most vital problems of our day. He is worth reading and waiting for.

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Through Erin's Mists

THIS PLEASANT LEA. By Anne Crone. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 317 *pp.* $3.

By DOROTHY VAN DOREN

ALTHOUGH she writes a novel in the year 1951, Miss Crone's style is literate, leisurely, precise, even elegant. It sounds less like the twentieth century than the nineteenth. Moreover, her characters, even the weak and pitiful ones, know the difference between right and wrong; they believe in sin and are in principle against it, although being human, they err, sometimes with dire consequences. This, of course, is as far as possible from the modish contemporary novel, which is expected to be tough, colloquial, no-holds-barred, and no words left out. It is a pleasure to state that Miss Crone's method of telling a story is successful to a marked degree.

Her scene is Fermanagh County in Northern Ireland. The landscape is pearl-colored, low-lying, whipped by wind, forever wet with half rain, half mist; "an expanse," she says, "which was neither bog nor soil nor water, yet a combination of the three—one of those geographical borderlands in the face of Ireland which, like the confusion of her own spirit, mingle much and bring forth little that is distinct." A wet country it is, with a few wealthy farmers and many poor ones; a few gentlemen in the town who have had the admired advantages of an education, and many ignorant and simple folk to whom owning land is as important as living in a rich house with servants and enough to eat and drink three times a day. Against this background Miss Crone places a young schoolteacher, the daughter of a small farm family which has seen better days; and two men, one also a farmer, sober, modest, reserved, the other the son of the leading solicitor of the town, handsome, charming, and impatient of the social differences which are the conventional barriers to marriage. Both men love Faith and it takes her a long time to make up her mind which to choose. Mark, the farmer, is the rock upon which Faith and her mother lean when misfortune comes to them in the shape of a reckless, wastrel brother and son; Antony, the solicitor's son, must face the objections of his family to a marriage they believe beneath him.

Miss Crone works out her problem neatly and affectionately, with complications, suspense, logic, and a sound knowledge of the human heart. Her minor characters are admirable, and Faith herself is a mixture of weakness and strength, passion and doubt, pride and humility. Her decision seems right.

A mature, civilized novel that portrays the foggy dews of Ireland with the sharpness of a dry point, and tells a love story that, for all its quietness, is passionate and true.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE WOMEN IN SHERLOCK'S LIFE

Jack Lacy, of Birmingham, Alabama, suggests that despite the fact that Sherlock Holmes had little or no use for women they had important roles in many of his cases. Holmes fans should be able to name the woman and the story in which she appeared. Allowing five points for the story and three points for the woman, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 46.

1. Holmes forced her to reveal a secret she had foolishly kept from her husband for years.
2. She helped Holmes catch the thief who stole an important paper from her fiance.
3. Holmes found her lost suitor and nearly caned him with a hunting crop.
4. Holmes found her missing husband with the aid of a wet sponge.
5. Holmes saved her from the horrible death which her sister had met.
6. She deserted her husband at their wedding breakfast.
7. She cut off her hair to get a job which nearly cost her her life.
8. To save this woman's reputation, Holmes and Watson committed burglary and witnessed a murder.
9. Holmes made her return a vital paper to save her statesman husband's career.
10. Holmes solved the mystery of a grisly package she received by mail.
11. Holmes cleared her of a murder charge by proving her supposed victim had committed suicide.
12. To Sherlock Holmes she was always *the* woman.

Back at Barsetshire

THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER. By Angela Thirkell. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 322 *pp.* $3.50.

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

AT ONE of the frequent gatherings of Barsetshire society, Mrs. Morland confessed to an admirer of her novels: "As a matter of fact they are all *exactly* alike. That's why people like them." Angela Thirkell's readers have an insatiable appetite for the same book, and the creator of Barsetshire and its lively, garrulous, unreconstructed people goes on happily writing that book over and over. Here is another tart and tasty serving of the same expert dish.

In "The Duke's Daughter," which proceeds from the point reached at the end of "County Chronicle," there is more of the lore of the great families, more of the good country life. The focus of this brightly-peopled story is on Tom Grantly, son of the vicar, Sir Cecil Waring, amiable Emmy Graham, and Lady Cora, daughter of the Duke of Omnium. Tom Grantly, just out of Oxford, enters government service in the Red Tape and Sealing Wax Division. Commander Waring, late of the British Navy, comes home to the Priory, which needs a mistress. Lady Cora is busy with Red Cross, the Conservatives, and gardening, but brighter interests soon develop. In the course of time Sir Cecil brings his courtship of Lady Cora to a successful conclusion and Tom Grantly, after an unhappy term in the government, happily becomes agent at Rushwater and husband-to-be of Emmy Graham.

So Barsetshire carries on—despite the tyranny and follies of the Welfare State. "England, our beloved country, battered and bullied by Them, still has one source of real comfort in every affliction. They have rationed it; They have caused it to be made of dust and bits of black straw; they allow government officers to glut themselves on it while the hard-working housewife with a husband and children hardly knows how to last till the end of the week; but as long as a spoonful of tea is to be had, England will keep her heart."

At least in Miss Thirkell's fictitious county the tea has not run out and the spirit is still sturdy. In Barsetshire the misdeeds of Them, the government, sound only faintly, amid the tennis matches, the lawn parties, the marriages, and christenings. And there is much more than stone hammers and arrow-tips to talk about when they gather for the Barsetshire Archaeological Meeting.

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A Long Journey

BRIDE OF THE SABBATH. By Samuel Ornitz. New York: Rinehart & Co. 410 pp. $3.75.

By Louis Falstein

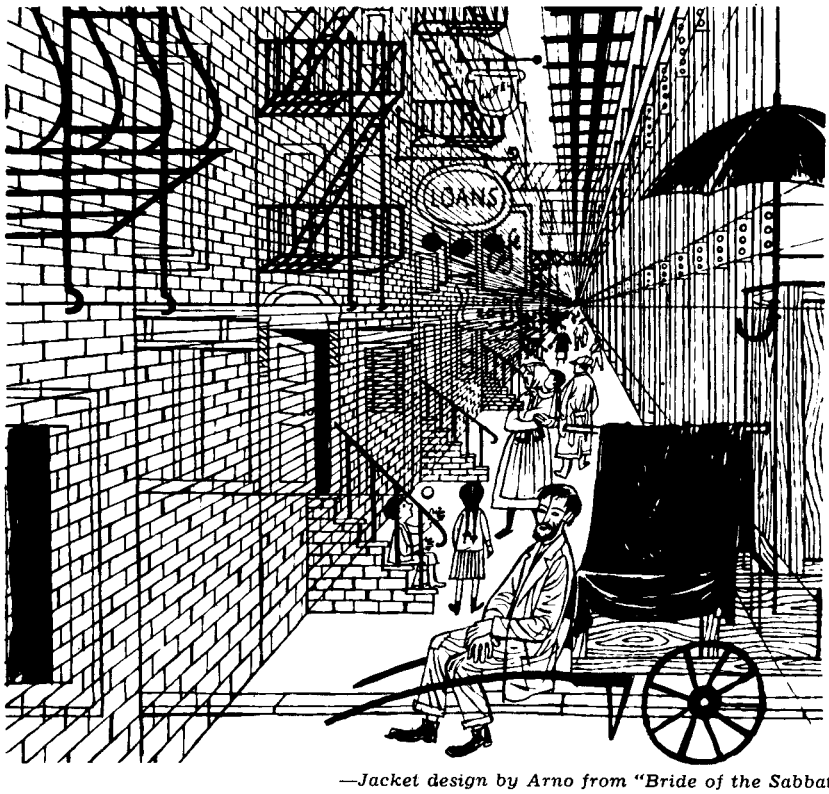
AT THE turn of the century New York's East Side had a large and well-defined Jewish ghetto, hemmed in on three sides by Irish, Germans, and Italians, and on the fourth by a dirty river. Despite the powerful thrust of the Outside, the *goyish* world, most inhabitants of the ghetto clung to ways and customs inherited over the long span of the *Goles*. Many orthodox women wore wigs over their short-cropped hair, and some of them, like Baba (Grandmother) Brass, knocked cigarettes out of the mouths of Sabbath-breakers, be they Jews or Christians. On the eve of Sabbath "the pushcarts vanished, leaving mounds of refuse like manure. The whir of sewing machines stopped. It felt as if the big wheel that turned the world round had stopped, such was the hush. And the stars came down to shine on earth, the Sabbath candles a-glimmer in all the windows."

The story of the ghetto, which takes up Book One of this two-part novel, is placed against the rich tapestry of Jewish folkways and myths. The characters emerge vividly, some of them attaining Biblical stature. Mr. Ornitz writes here out of his own past, although this is by no means an autobiography. His main character is the shy, timid Saul Cramer. Both his parents worked "by cloaks," his mother succumbing to T.B., or "Jewish Asthma," as it was known in the needle trade. His father died of a bad heart, though the neighbors swore it was a "broken heart." Saul and his little brother Sholom were guided through boyhood by their strictly orthodox and saintly Baba, and the somewhat less pious but equally devoted Zade (Grandpa). Uncle Mendel helped too, despite Baba's protests. Mendel was a rebel who wrote fiery editorials attacking manufacturers, assimilationists, and the hush-hush Jews whom he dubbed "Anonymoes."

Book Two shows Saul—name changed to Saal—abandoning the ghetto, taking little with him beyond Baba's Menorah candles. In his wanderings he adds a silver crucifix inherited from his deeply devout Catholic wife to his meager baggage.

In writing about a long journey from orthodox childhood to mature liberalism Mr. Ornitz has deliberately chosen a character like Saal given to vacillations and indecision. These matter little so long as the character is surrounded by the turbulent and feverish life in the ghetto; they matter a great deal on the Outside where in addition to having no problems of his own he has embarked on a career of ministering to others.

"Bride of the Sabbath" is magnificent when it deals with the ghetto, its full and tragic life and its dignified humanity. That alone is well worth the price of admission.



—Jacket design by Arno from "Bride of the Sabbath."

Don Quixote in Texas

I AND CLAUDIE. By Dillon Anderson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 247 pp. $3.

By John T. Winterich

HERE IS Don Quixote in Texas, complete with Sancho Panza, and even a windmill. Their names, in this Southern-style version, are Clint Hightower and Claudie Hughes. They are an engaging pair of rascals, and their adventures make gay reading—in a world full of problems, they impose none on the reader beyond the choice of the right chair.

Clint and Claudie meet in New Orleans under moderately unusual circumstances and thereafter are as inseparable as Mutt and Jeff (whom they also resemble). They drive or are driven across much of the Lone Star State, and the reader learns a lot about the geography, climate, and fauna of Texas, and about the mores and idiosyncracies of its people, as viewed, of course, by the narrator, who is Clint Hightower, the member of the team who does all of the brainwork and none of the manual labor.

What happens to the pair is exactly the sort of thing one might expect—they get into tremendous jams and turn all of them to at least temporary advantage, and a temporary advantage is all they ask for.

"I and Claudie" is not a novel, and it is not an assemblage of short stories; there are plenty of incidents, but they blend and overlap and cohere, and the result is something on the order of "Huckleberry Finn." These, in fact, without the sociological implications, are much the same sorts of experience that Huck and Jim would have had if they had flourished a century and a quarter later and used a trailer instead of a raft. Clint Hightower, who is the Huck of the present combination, has one quality which Huck lacked—maturity. It is a sort of arrested maturity, but it functions on all eight when the going is rough, as it frequently is.

It is just possible that there are hidden meanings all through "I and Claudie," and underlying subtleties, and all that. It may be a "Hudibras" of contemporary life in Texas. This, however, is extremely doubtful. Here is a book that doesn't set out to prove anything, but aims merely to amuse. Here is a worthy mission worthily carried out. It is a goal rarely attempted in this era of grim realities and grimmer portents, and a goal infrequently reached when it is attempted.

This is picaresque writing in the

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time-honored tradition. It is a noble tradition, and Clint and Claudie are noble exemplars of its efficacy and durability. Mr. Anderson, who pulls the strings (and obviously has a fine time doing it), is a Houston lawyer, and his legal training stands him in good stead, because Clint and Claudie sometimes run pretty close to the border-line (and not of Texas) and could frequently use a good lawyer or any lawyer at all. It's a mighty good thing Mr. Anderson is on their side.

Fiction Notes

DR. LOGAN'S WIFE. By Diana Gaines. Random House. $3. A woman's struggle to grow into full emotional maturity has been used as a theme in countless novels, good, bad, and indifferent. Here we have it with a dazzling array of up-to-the-minute angles. Jennet was the beautiful and apparently devoted wife of the distinguished Dr. Logan. Carelessness with x-rays as an interne had made it impossible for him to give her any children, but he had worked himself literally into heart failure to surround her with luxury. Although she had come to hate her husband she loved their life, loved even more the state of pampered and protected little girl in which, mentally and emotionally, he delighted to keep her.

Then she fell in love with young Peter Surinov. A brilliant scientist, working in a "hot" laboratory on means of using atomic energy in medicine. Peter was the son of Russian emigrant parents and already under a cloud because of his reaction to the California loyalty oath. Peter's immediate and passionate attraction for her awoke Jennet to the utter emptiness of her life. After she attended a meeting on better housing with Peter (which also introduces the Negro problem) Jennet found herself swept into a whirlpool of tragedy. Peter was accused of Communist sympathies and dismissed, one calamity follows another, but Jennet is released from the traumatic scars of her unhappy childhood by psychoanalysis (which in current fiction increasingly turns the maladjusted goose into the poised and mature swan) in time to face an indubitably happy future in the arms of her vindicated lover.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE COMMANDMENTS OF MEN. By Eunice Pollard Williams. Dutton. $3. When a professional or a business man decides to change his vocation the impact, if there be any, is largely upon his immediate associates. When a clergy-

(*Continued on page* 36)

—*Illustrations from "Life in America."*

"A Country Fair in Pennsylvania, 1824," by John A. Woodside.

The Current of a Strong Faith

LIFE IN AMERICA. By Marshall B. Davidson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Vol. I, 573 *pp. Vol. II,* 503 *pp.* $20 *the set.*

By JOHN A. KROUT

FROM the world's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893, Hamlin Garland enthusiastically wrote to his aged parents: "Sell the cook stove if necessary and come. You *must* see this fair." Marshall Davidson records the incident in his profusely illustrated "Life in America." With similar enthusiasm this reviewer is moved to write: "Sell anything that is necessary in order to buy Mr. Davidson's two volumes." Here is one of the most impressive examples of what Francis Henry Taylor has aptly described as "a visual-literary form as revolutionary in our time as was the novel in the eighteenth century and the short story in the nineteenth." It belongs in the same tradition with the "Pageant of America," edited by Ralph H. Gabriel almost a quarter century ago, James T. Adams's "Album of American History," and Roger Butterfield's "The American Past."

Mr. Davidson has studied these earlier works, but his own reveals the hand of the master rather than the imitator. As a former associate curator of the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and its present editor of publications, he has become expert in his understanding of our social history. But his gifts as editor and writer are not limited to mere knowledge of our arts and our artifacts. Throughout his two volumes there runs the current of a strong faith in our democratic ways and a high hope that, in the hard struggle which we now face, we shall never put away from us "the habit of the free." Such faith and hope make this pictorial pageant significant and exciting.

The editor's intensive work for more than five years is an impressive achievement. With fine discrimination he has put under tribute the treasures of libraries, museums, historical societies, and private collections on both sides of the Atlantic; his search was rewarded in the Rijksmuseum, the National Portrait Gallery, and the Bibliothèque Nationale, as well as in scores of American institutions. Mr. Davidson has been fortunate in finding, for most phases of American life from the days of discovery to the present atomic age, illustrations which reproduce the work either of eyewit-

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John A. Krout is associate provost of Columbia University and dean of Columbia's graduate faculties. His books include "The Origins of Prohibition" and "The Annals of American Sport."

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nesses of the event or contemporaries who were well enough informed to draw the scene faithfully. Of course there were bound to be gaps in such originals, where inferior substitutes had to be used; but discriminate selection has enabled the editor to avoid, at least after the seventeenth century, those fanciful creations which distort both the detail and the spirit of an historic event.

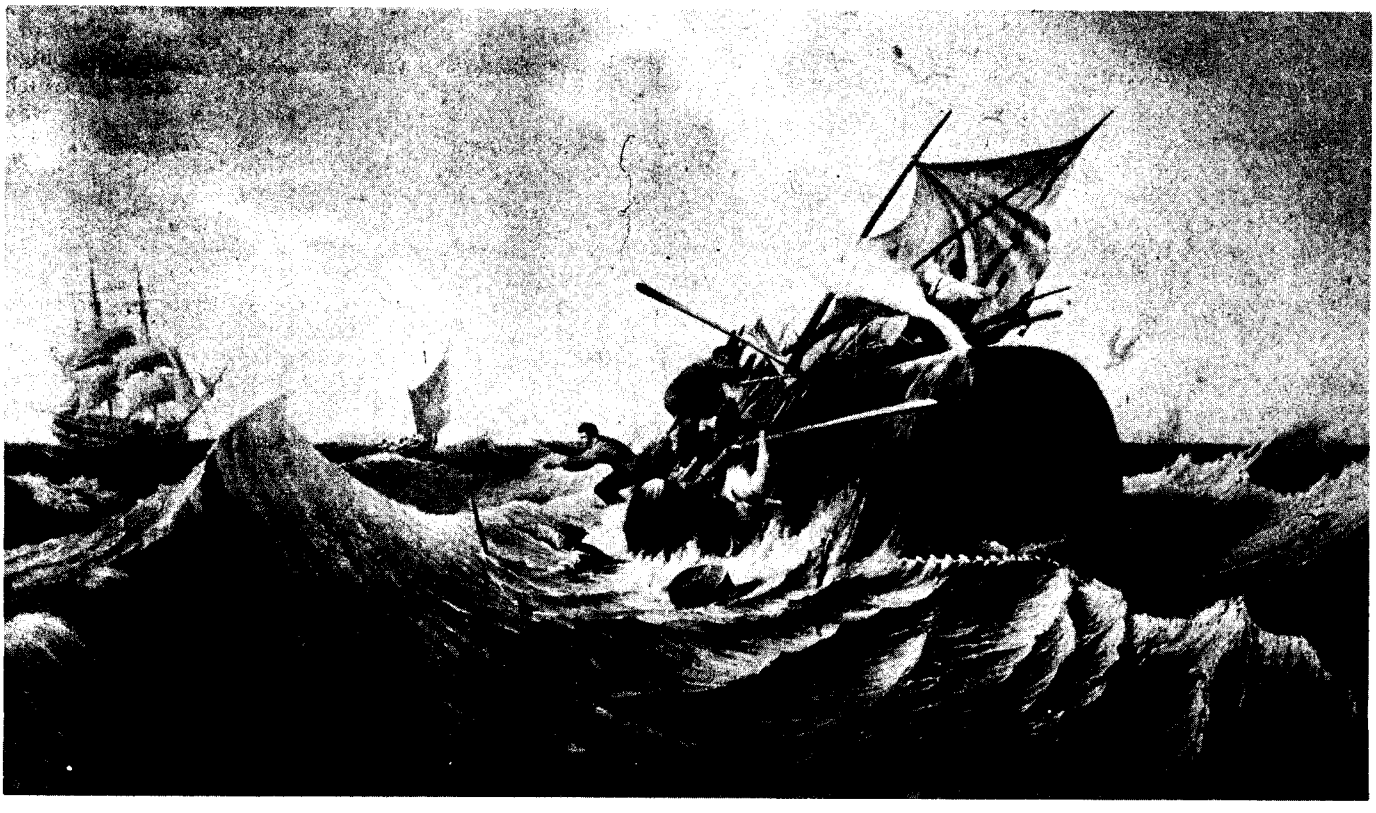
Most of the 1,200 illustrations — drawings, aquatints, paintings, engravings, lithographs, photographs, maps, handbills, and cartoons — emphasize ideas and deeds rather than persons. If you are seeking a portrait gallery of prominent men and women you will have to look elsewhere. For the editor's purpose the genre paintings of John Lewis Krimmel, William Sidney Mount, or Winslow Homer are far more important than the portraits of Gilbert Stuart or John Singer Sargent. Here is the graphic record of the typical rather than the unusual, the commonplace rather than the exceptional; yet it conveys to the reader the high drama implicit in our transformation from a small league of agrarian republics to a powerful nation indelibly marked by its high degree of industrial standardization.

Anyone who goes through these two volumes hurriedly, eager to see the pictures on the next page, will conclude that this is merely another handsome picture-book — and he will be badly mistaken. The pictures and the printed word are complementary. Indeed, the greatest tribute to Mr. Davidson's prose, so generously furnished with fresh anecdotes and stirring incidents, is the way in which it draws the reader's eyes away from the attractive illustrations. The text is not held in a pictorial straitjacket; and one is constantly impressed by the range of information which forms the basis of a relatively brief but spirited commentary.

"Life in America" probably belongs in a general clasification with the documentary film. As a method of presenting social history it is remarkably successful under the hand of a skilful editor. If there is any weaknesses in the present work it is to be found in the first section on colonial beginnings, a period when the printed word too often has to explain the inadequate illustrations. Thereafter, both format and substance are much more satisfying.

Mr. Davidson has fixed his attention on eight great themes in America's story: the conquest of the continent from the days when easterners broke through the Appalachian barrier and found in the Mississippi valley land which needed "only to be tickled with the hoe to laugh with the harvest"; the conquest of the sea, a record which makes even the legendary Timothy Dexter, who boasted of selling warming pans in Bermuda, coal in Newcastle, and cats in Malta, seem credible; agriculture, handmaid of commerce on Midwestern farms, Southern plantations, and Western cattle ranges; industry, from the days of the master craftsman at his bench to the mass production based on interchangeable parts; leisure, translated into restless action in games, sports, the theatre, the movies, and radio; the rising power of the city, drawing youth from the countryside and setting the standards in the end for small towns and villages; transportation and communication, binding together a nation so rapidly expanding that it might have fallen apart; and finally our groping toward the "fulfillment of democracy."

There seems to be a strong sentiment in America that the writer of social history should not be concerned with politics. Though Mr. Davidson does not completely accept this view he does minimize the influence of politics on American life. What he has to say about it in the closing chapter makes one wish for more. It would be pleasant if the sordidness of war could be banished from the world as easily as it is shut out from these pages. There are other omissions — our achievements in science and education are but feebly implied, and our society seems to be singularly in need of music. Yet these sins of omission are venial, indeed, when set against this magnificent panorama of what has been accomplished by Americans in slightly more than three hundred years!



"Incidents in Whale Fishing," a lithograph by Martens after a painting by Garneray.

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Everybody's Business

IT IS ONE of the anomalies of American life that in a country where information is at the command of all, and where the press is unfettered and tirelessly inquisitive, there is so little general inclination to participation in political and civic affairs. The American in general has a lively and an eager mind; he is not unaware of the forces that are molding his world or uninterested in the processes by which his life is conditioned. But he is, except during the accelerated emotion of election months, or when the exposure of some particularly flagrant betrayal of public trust arouses him to sudden excitement, generally apathetic to local political matters and so far as national affairs are concerned content to leave them to remote control. Public opinion, however it may grumble, acquiesces on the whole in the status quo, finding it easier to suffer abuses than to go to the pains of a militant effort to overcome them. It is more convenient by far to relax into unprotesting sufferance of misgovernment, so long as that does not become intolerable, than to risk recrimination and bitterness by denouncing it. And because there is no exigent and constantly vigilant protest against minor negligence and malfeasance in office it becomes possible for the shocking conditions which recent investigations have exposed to exist—for crime to batten upon an alliance with the police, narcotics to enslave an appalling number of the young, or sports to become the instrument of dishonesty and corruption. Where everybody's business is nobody's business the crooks and the criminals naturally take over.

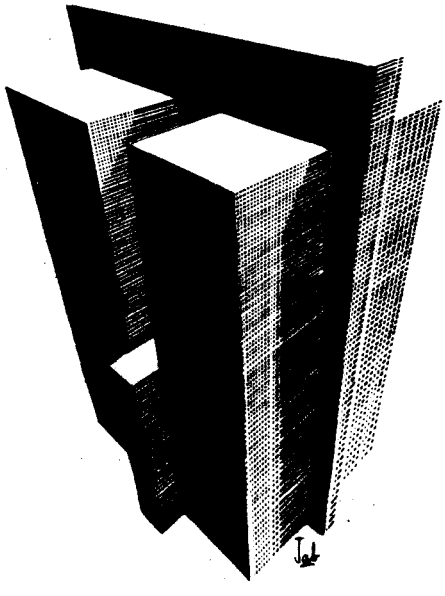
Part of the reason for the American's inconsequent attitude toward public affairs is, doubtless, the proliferating nature of American enterprise, which puts out ramifications so numerous and so complex as to obscure the iniquities it may perpetrate; part of it lies in the drive of American business life, which leaves little energy over for participation in civic activities, and another part still lies in the invasion of privacy and the subjection to criticism—often to villification—that attend upon the holding of public office. In large cities yet another factor operates in the anonymity of huge populations and the absence of direct contact with the persons responsible for the conduct of public affairs.

The town meetings of our forefathers' days had a virtue which it would be well if we could retrieve today. They were open forums of discussion where policies, projects, abuses were threshed out, where the citizen came in contact with those he had appointed to manage his affairs, and where he could hold them to account for the execution of their trust. It was far more possible to register protest or objection than it is under the impersonality of the great conglomerates that are our cities of the present, where the interests of one section may be entirely at variance with those of another, and where the resident of a district too rarely knows even the name of his local leader.

Curiously enough, however, there is now taking place in large cities a development which may offer opportunity for restoration of something of the town meeting sort. That is the emergence of the giant housing projects which contain the population of entire villages within their bounds. Here in a given area, compact and carefully planned, are gathered together large congeries of people, homogeneous to the extent that they are in general on a consistent economic level and presumably projecting their lives on a basis of somewhat similar needs and desires. The mere fact that it is contained within a definite integument of stone and steel compresses the housing unit into a group which, if it is so minded, can organize supervision of its domain, can provide facilities for its young and opportunity for common action for its elders. It is a unit which can be brought to bear pressure for good government and for observance of proper municipal action. It has an advantage, artificial though its bond may be, over the impersonality of an unrelated series of city blocks.

It becomes more clear, indeed, in general, that in this complex and tensely organized world it is the small unit that will have to serve as the fulcrum of public opinion. Our population is so immense that only by breaking it down into groups can we hope to be able to make it a propelling force. It is because of this that every mechanism of social life—the school, the church, the woman's club, the forum of the air—takes on vital importance. If we are to effect the purposes which alone will make for the survival of civilization it will be because each individual realizes his obligation and his necessity to those causes. He feels himself lost in the vast anonymous public and his voice drowned out by the clamor of millions of other voices. But in the small group he can register opinion, and the sum of the small groups which make up those millions can become the motive power which directs society. —A. L.

THE EDITORIAL page, generally speaking, is not used for the purpose of calling attention to specific books. That function is fulfilled on the book-review pages. The editors feel justified, however, in using this space to recognize an exceptionally distinguished publishing project. We refer to "Life in America," by Marshall B. Davidson, published by Houghton Mifflin in association with the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Six years in the making, "Life in America" is clearly deserving of all the fine things that are being said about it. Both author and publisher have invested their picture-text project with a spaciousness equal to the theme. Not least among the book's merits is that it reflects confidence by its makers in the grand tradition of American publishing. We're glad to be able to commend it to your attention.



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Christophers' Library Policy

SIR: It has come to our attention that a letter is being circulated to various magazines and publishers purporting to define the Christopher policy in regard to library work. The letter alleges that the Christophers favor an indoctrination of librarians so that the works of certain authors (Rousseau, Kant, John Dewey, etc.) will become virtually inaccessible to book borrowers. As this letter gives a false picture of the situation, we would like to make public a restatement of our position.

Our entire policy is outlined in Chapter 8 of the first Christopher book, "You Can Change The World," published in November 1948. It is addressed not only to Catholics but to Protestants, Jews, those professing no faith, and those whose background makes them hostile to religion. In loving solicitude we are bound to include all and exclude none. Each is a child of God, at least through creation. Each, doing even one thing for Him, can start to be a Christopher, a Christ-bearer.

In this chapter we stress that the better the worker, the better the library. We point out the ever increasing need in the library field for more workers of competence and character.

This is our official position. We do not endorse views that conflict with it. One such memorandum on library work was submitted to us by an over-enthusiast. We never put it into print. But a small number of mimeographed copies of it were prepared just after it was written several years ago. We decided to withdraw it because it was not in keeping with our policy.

In the forthcoming issue of our *Christopher News Notes* we plan to underline once again for all 400,000 people who receive this bulletin a special feature of Christopher policy. We will repeat that while each must use his own judgment in whatever circumstances he may be situated, he should always work with the utmost honesty and respect for the rights of others and through the established channels of authority. This should be done whether one is working in the field of education, government, writing, labor relations, library, or social service.

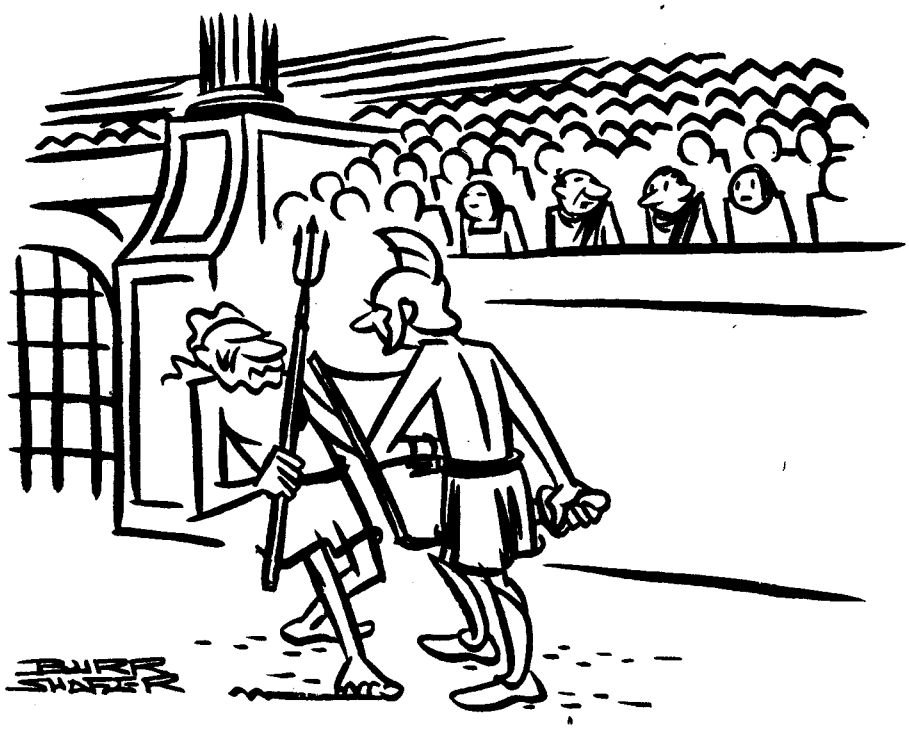
This position we keep re-emphasizing at frequent intervals and in all our Christopher books. In our latest, "Government Is Your Business," the following appears in the foreword, under the title "You Decide for Yourself":

> We have endeavored to limit the scope of this volume to emphasis on basic moral principles and suggestions on how those principles may be applied in everyday life. It is not our business to take sides on political issues. We believe it best that each individual discover for himself how, where, and when he should make his influence felt. In keeping with the Christopher thesis, we stress positive constructive action by the individual. Negative criticism is usually a waste of time and effort.
>
> So we leave it to you to stand on your own two feet; to make your own decisions; to join or support any political party you like; to vote as you see fit; to take whatever stand you consider best; and to decide yourself which organizations you will join to add your voice to that of others. It is between you and God.

A unique feature of the Christopher movement is that we have no organization, no memberships, no dues, no meetings. Each one is left perfectly free to do as much or as little as he sees fit. For this reason when anyone applies our general recommendations in an instance of his own choosing he acts entirely on his own and does not represent the Christopher movement.

JAMES KELLER.

New York, N. Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I've heard they're fixed."

A Report on Progress

SIR: Perhaps the answer to the problem Walter White poses in the opening of his timely summary ["Time for a Progress Report," *SRL* Sept. 22] is given at the end of the article in his reference to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Speaking of the riot attending the efforts of the Harvey Clarks to move into their Cicero, Illinois, apartment in July and of the subsequent honors bestowed on the Clarks during the United Nations Day celebration at Norwalk, Connecticut, Mr. White observed: "Cruelty and hatred of human beings for others had manufactured screaming headlines around the globe; decency and brotherhood made none." Of the 1945 Presidential Inauguration reception in the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt reported that a group of newspaperwomen remarked to her: " . . . If at the 1933 reception a number of colored people had gone down the line and had mixed with everyone else in the way they did today, every paper in the country would have reported it. We do not even think it is news and none of us will mention it."

If that was the state of the newspaper mind six years ago, perhaps it is remarkable that Norwalk made the headlines in even one New York City newspaper this past summer.

ARMISTEAD S. PRIDE.

Jefferson City, Mo.

Crisis in the Schools

SIR: As a student interested in the problems of school administration as well as a member of the education department of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America I would like to express my thanks to you for publishing the series of articles [*SRL* Sept. 8] about the crisis confronting school systems throughout the nation. It seems to me doubly important that those of us who are interested in the problems of freedom of speech in publishing as well as in mass communication media should make our feelings known so that the schools will be aware of the support of those behind them.

MARIE NEWBY.

New York, N. Y.

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Can TV Survive Advertising?

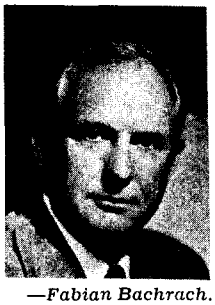
A Debate by Raymond Rubicam & Maurice B. Mitchell

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Two months ago, writing in* SRL, *Senator William Benton of Connecticut described Senate Bill No. 1579 which he, in company with Senators Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Lester C. Hunt of Wyoming, and H. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, is sponsoring in the upper house ["Television with a Conscience," Aug. 25]. He called for the creation of a National Citizens Advisory Board on Radio and Television composed of eleven outstanding citizens. The Board would annually issue a report to Congress, the Federal Communications Commission, and the general public reviewing the manner in which radio and television were serving the public interest. Senator Benton expressed the hope that the Board's activities would encourage more effective educational and public service programs on television and radio and would help bring about the licensing of hundreds of television stations in the country devoted exclusively to programs of this type.*

This week SRL *publishes two comments on Senator Benton's article, one approving and one critical. Interestingly enough, the approval comes from a former leader in the business most intimately associated with commercial radio, Raymond Rubicam, former president and chairman of the board of the advertising agency of Young and Rubicam. Mr. Rubicam is a trustee of the Committee for Economic Development and during World War II served as assistant to the chairman of the War Manpower Commission. Even more interestingly, the criticism is offered by an associate of Senator Benton in a firm devoted to the production of transcribed programs for broadcasting purposes, Maurice B. Mitchell, vice president and general manager of the Associated Program Service, a division of the Muzak Corporation.*

1. The Danger Signals Are Up

RAYMOND RUBICAM



—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Raymond Rubicam

RADIO broadcasting as conducted in the United States has come nowhere near serving the American people as well as it ought to have served them. I am convinced that a large part of the reason lies in the domination of radio by the advertiser. Since I am no longer in the advertising business, these views will be called, by many of my former associates, the newly acquired righteousness of a reformed sinner, but the fact remains that even when I was most active in advertising and in radio I held the same views, and would have welcomed a reduction of the percentage of radio time available to advertisers, and an enlargement of the public's opportunity to hear programs which would have little worth for the advertiser but great worth for the public.

After that introduction, I need not say that it would be in my view a tragedy to see the development of television confined by the limitations that have characterized radio. At the same time I would like to make it clear that I am a fighting believer in the constructive value and, in fact, the indispensability of advertising in a modern free economy. I believe that the public will benefit if television continues to be a major advertising medium. What I am opposed to is what amounts practically to a monopoly of radio and television by advertisers to the point where the public's freedom of choice in programs is more of a theory than a fact, and to the point where the public service of the two media is only a shadow of what it could be.

For the most part only sellers of products of the broadcast mass appeal can afford to use radio and television advertising; therefore, for the most part, only audiences of the largest sizes are of value and interest to the advertiser. If the advertiser's program does not appeal to the number of people he wants and needs in order to maintain and increase his sales, he either grades his program down so as to reach more people; or, if he cannot do that, he gives up the program in favor of a new one that will reach more. Obviously television ought to have numerous programs of the wide popular appeal that the advertiser is looking for; but programming, instead of practically ending there, should only begin there. Radio programming in the United States has been comparable to a school system in which everything stopped at the elementary grades designed for the largest number of students, and which consequently had no colleges, universities, or postgraduate schools to serve the rest of the population.

This kind of allegation has been regularly denied by the broadcasting industry, which quotes this and that program of cultural or educational character; but anyone who twirls a dial any day or night anywhere in the country knows that those programs are so few in number that they have only slightly more relation to the general character of radio than the singing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" at prizefights has to prizefighting.

EDUCATORS rightly protest against our national habit of saddling the schools and colleges with most if not all of the blame for our educational shortcomings. The educators point out that schools and colleges have the human being under their tutelage only a few years of his life, and even in

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those years have him only part of the time—and that most of his education comes from what he hears, sees, reads, and does, away from the classroom. In the field of print people have a lot better chance of escaping the worst than they have in radio. There are printed publications specializing in almost every field of human interest, inquiry, thought, activity. Such publications far outnumber the publications of mass circulation, and collectively they penetrate and serve the whole population, although their individual circulations are relatively small. It is also true of publishing that even those newspapers and magazines which typically take the low road to popularity often do more to serve minority interests and minorities among their readers than radio does.

One reason for radio's limitations by comparison with the printed word has been the physical restriction on the number of stations we can have. But another reason, and I am sure a more potent one, is that advertisers in newspapers and magazines do not select or control the editorial contents of those publications—and that many printed vehicles carry no advertising at all. In radio the advertiser largely determines what the public is offered in entertainment and information through his power of acceptance or rejection of programs, and because he is the sole source of broadcasting revenue. And the almost universal necessity for huge audiences to make the advertising pay has been a constant pressure downward on over-all standards, and has led on the whole to a throttling of variety.

THE infinite variety permitted by printed publication has helped bring man a long way in civilization. Without its stimulation to the many-sided occupations and talents of people, whether in work or recreation, the United States would never have become the accomplished nation it is. The further progress of American character, personality, and ability demands that individuals continue to be aided in following out many different lines of interest, inclination, and talent. While much of this job will continue to be done by the printed word, we nevertheless face an age in which a higher and higher percentage of what our minds take in will be taken in through radio and television. Their danger is that if misconducted they will make for a population standardized on a narrow base and a low level of preoccupation. In the end they are certain to overpower the printed word as an influence on people, and we are

(*Continued on page 37*)

2. *It's Still A Business*

MAURICE B. MITCHELL

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

Maurice B. Mitchell

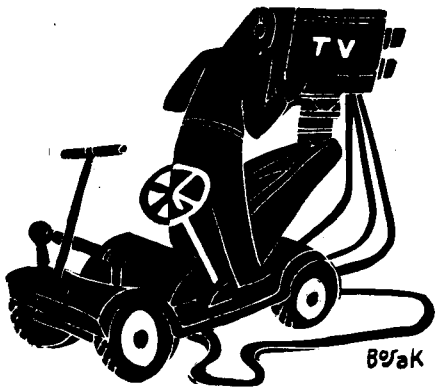
THE legislation relating to radio and television which Senator Benton has proposed in company with Senators Saltonstall, Hunt, and Bridges has so aroused the nation's broadcasters that they are actually at the point of boycotting his business.

He has been denounced and condemned in every radio industry trade journal, in literally dozens of public addresses and articles, and by resolution at every single regional meeting held so far this Fall by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters. He has the operators on the nation's radio and TV stations in a towering rage.

Certainly nobody can accuse Senator Benton of self-interest in this project, any more than they can fairly accuse him, on the basis of his life-long record, of anything short of a militant defense of free speech and a vigorous fight against censorship. Still, it seems to me that the proponents of this legislation should take time to study the nature and extent of the broadcasters' opposition.

Their fury is easy to understand. They are businessmen. They have millions of dollars invested in the business of broadcasting and telecasting. They invested in a pioneer development, an investment that in every case required courage and faith. They think this proposed legislation threatens their investment.

Consider the problem of the broadcast and TV station operator. He has a bear by the tail. He operates the most potent communications force that civilization has ever known. Under our system of business life, he has to operate this force as a solvent business. No profit—no radio, no TV. And it often seems to him that every obstacle ever conceived to plague and harass a businessman is put across his path. He thinks this new proposal will make his burden intolerable.



The broadcaster has never accepted Government interference in radio in any sense except for the simple separation of stations in the spectrum. He goes along with that, and that's all. The complexities of applying for the use of one of the radio frequencies, the terrible expense, the intimate inspection of his means and his past habits and connections, have always infuriated and embarrassed him. He sees the newspaperman, the book and the magazine publisher, even the irresponsible pulp publisher or pamphleteer, set up in business beside him in all freedom while he undergoes what seems to him a contemptuous public inspection conducted by a Government agency.

THE broadcaster generally believes that, once the FCC has exercised its traffic function, only the opinion of the public should further guide him in the operation of his station. He points to the knob on every radio set which permits listeners to "stop the music" at will. He feels that this is censorship in its truest sense—individual selection or rejection on the basis of interest and suitability.

He has watched with increasing horror as the FCC steadily and persistently assumed—so it seems to him—that its licensing powers could only be diligently and properly discharged if it also sought to control the content of the station program schedule. Every broadcaster—indeed, every sensible person—knows that when this happens we will have ceased to have effective private enterprise in the field of radio and TV.

The industry cites the attempt to take control of radio away from the broadcasters when in 1946 the FCC published the famous Blue Book, which simply took the position that a station which, in the opinion of the Commission, was "too commercial"

(*Continued on page 38*)

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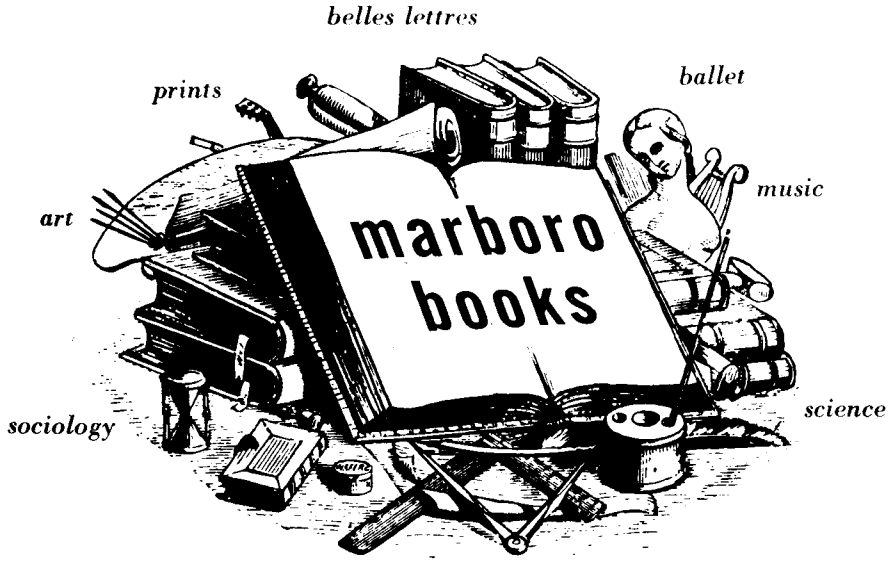

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SAFE AT FIRST

WHEN JERRY WALD and Norman Krasna joined forces in a multi-million dollared, multi-yeared contract with RKO-Radio Pictures, the feeling was that only good could come from this. Krasna, whose work encompasses the memorable drama of "Fury" and the superior comedy of "The Devil and Miss Jones," is one of Hollywood's ablest scripters. Jerry Wald, for years a key producer on the Warner lot, became known for the topicality of his pictures. He generally chose to work from newspaper headlines, dramatizing themes that people were thinking about and troubling over. "Action in the North Atlantic" and "Objective Burma" were his during the war, "Pride of the Marines" just after the war, and, more recently, "Caged" and "Storm Warning." Few writer-producer teams have promised as much. And with Howard Hughes's millions behind them, a deluge of top-flight pictures might almost seem inevitable.

Well, RKO-Radio has just turned the tap on the first two from the new team. The first, a frantic and noisy little domestic comedy, is called "Behave Yourself"; and the second, an all-star soap opera entitled "The Blue Veil." Far from breaking new trails, Wald and Krasna have simply plowed with much vigor and some skill the deepest ruts of Hollywood's most conventional kind of film making. They have depended heavily on box-office personalities to bring audiences into the theatre. Both their films are handsomely mounted, expensive-looking affairs; writing and direction are smooth and slick. Both are eminently safe and respectable.

"Behave Yourself," starring Farley Granger and Shelley Winters, works strenuously at the business of being funny over the old mother-in-law joke, combining it with the grisly humor of an ever-increasing mound of corpses. Granger is followed home by a lost dog belonging to some of Hollywood's most familiar gangster types. His efforts to return the pooch to its proper owners leads him on to the series of stiffs. And mother-in-law Margalo Gillmore's unconcealed disapproval of her daughter's taste in men convinces the police that Granger is their one-man crime wave. George Beck gets the credit for story and direction. Wald and Krasna get no credit for having produced it.

The case of "The Blue Veil" is somewhat more special. As written by Norman Corwin, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, and above all acted by a really superb cast that includes Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton, Joan Blondell, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, and Cyril Cusack, the picture fairly well manages to conceal the banality of its plot in the sumptuousness of its production. Jane Wyman, acting with both eyes on the Academy Award, presents the vicissitudes of a humble nursemaid through years of self-effacing servitude and on to the tear-drenched ending. Her co-stars appear relatively briefly in a series of maudlin episodes, each designed to display another facet of nanny's nobility. "The Blue Veil" is what anti-feminists like to call "a woman's picture," and it succeeds as well as it does only because of the intelligence and restraint that went into the writing and the playing. Basically, though, it's still shoddy.

What prompted the promising producing team of Wald and Krasna to undertake these two pictures for their trial flight is all too apparent. It's that familiar West Coast philosophy of why stick your neck out. Give the public what it wants, what it has always bought before. Play it safe. . . . Wald and Krasna are still promising. They have in production now Clifford Odets's old "Clash by Night," the first Odets play to come to the screen. But this time they had better deliver. You can play it safe just so long before safety turns into routine.

* * *

By way of introducing what must inevitably be a minority report on "An American in Paris," M-G-M's all-Gershwin musical starring Gene Kelly, it might be well to state at the very outset that I am more than normally partial to pictures in this genre. It isn't solely a matter of mere enjoyment: film musicals have frequently contributed importantly to the developing art of the sound film, and I could see time after time the old Astaires, the Crosbys, the Lubitsch comedies with Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald of almost twenty years ago. But, aside from the pleasure of hearing again a good dozen of top-flight Gershwin tunes, I don't think I would ever want to see "An American in Paris" a second time. This has nothing to do with the foolish little story on which the songs are hung—the plots never meant anything in a good musical anyway.

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What I do miss is the spontaneity that always characterized the Astaire-Rodgers pictures, the free and easy style of the Crosbys, the inventiveness of Lubitsch (and easily a dozen other lesser men who have worked this same field). By contrast, everything about this picture is calculated to the last detail, to the last effect, to the last dollar. Gene Kelly and a bunch of kids dance "I Got Rhythm" with such well-rehearsed spontaneity that all charm vanishes. The songs, meant to evolve naturally out of the story, can generally be spotted coming up half a reel away. And M-G-M, with several million dollars tied up in this production, gently but persistently keep you acutely aware of each dollar in every foot of film—and especially in the climactic title ballet, a number spread over an entire sound stage and involving all available ballet dancers west of the Mississippi. But even this proves less interesting, less imaginative, less inventive than the ballets of "Red Shoes," from which it clearly derives. Only more expensive and bigger. Gene Kelly, who staged the dances, displays a fertile memory in his choreography and an unfortunately limited range of effects in his own dancing. Leslie Caron, a lithe French gamin type, Georges Guetary, and Oscar Levant share top billing with him. Of them all, only Levant occasionally manages the proper irreverence for a good film musical. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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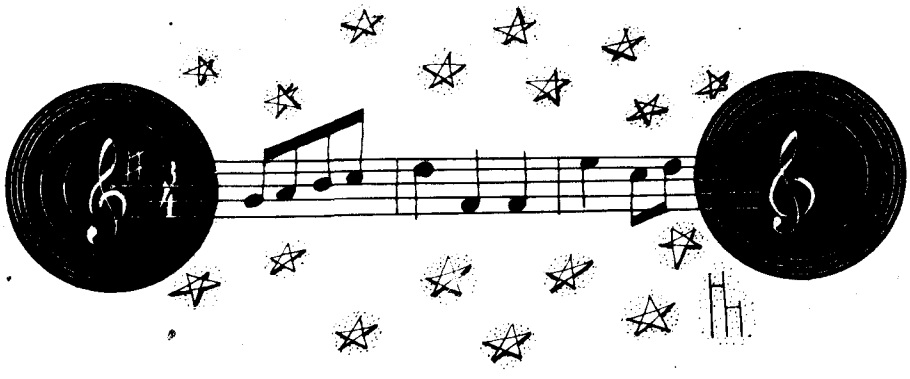
SCHERMAN'S HANDEL, ORMANDY'S STRAUSS, HALASZ'S WOLF-FERRARI

AS A PURVEYOR of cultivated pleasure Thomas Scherman has made his concerts with the Little Orchestra Society more than well-meaning deviations from the run of routine programs. We had fingers crossed all summer, indeed, that the season-ending "Entführung" was not an accident. Now they can be uncrossed, finally; for the performance of "Acis and Galatea"—Handel's of course—which opened the new season in Town Hall showed that the spirit, discipline, and thorough musicianship of the Mozart was no happy accident. "Acis and Galatea" was even happier, and no accident.

Every community has its cultural blindspots, and New York's, for two decades at least, has had a mote where Handel is concerned. Why that should be so, no one even moderately acquainted with the robust health and tonic effect of his musical Rx could explain. In his presentation, Scherman showed us a Handel of mirth and tenderness, of majestic art and the most unpretentious communication of it. "Bravos" are as uncommon in Town Hall as "Bastas" at the Metropolitan, but the salutation for Kenneth Smith's nimble singing of the basso air "O ruddier than the cherry!" was certainly as much provoked by the dancing fantasy of the vocal line as by the young singer's artful exposition of it. Ann Ayars sang the music of Galatea with purity of sound, and if Suzanne der Derian (Damon) and John Druary (Acis) were somewhat more taxed by their assignments, they were all virtue where purpose was concerned.

The steady progress Scherman has made as an organizer of music is one of the happiest occurrences of the post-war period. His taste and initiative have always commanded respect; the attentive pace, alert rhythms, and insistent textual clarity of this performance were, eminently, first things first. This Scherman, we would say, is much less than twenty miles away from his objective.

* * *

Any time the Philadelphia Orchestra engages a score with the latitude for fine orchestral performance offered by Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture or Strauss's "Heldenleben" or the First Symphony of Brahms, a music lover with a taste for exceptional sound will not willingly be elsewhere. When, as on the occasion of the first Carnegie Hall concert of the season, Eugene Ormandy makes a whole evening of such substantial fare, the absentees can only blame themselves for missing the kind of music-making that is worth going miles to hear.

I can answer only for the Beethoven and the Strauss, for after the sumptuous sound and exhausting gamut of "Heldenleben," more would have been too much. In years gone by one would have paid Ormandy the compliments due him for a masterful presentation of the orchestral detail, and either carped quietly at some insufficiencies of "temperament" or let silence speak for itself. It may be that I am confusing physical impact with emotional truth, but I have seldom heard a more thorough, sensitive, and compelling performance of this score. Every strand of the contrapuntal texture had its ordained color, and it moved from first to last with a sure sense of poetry and drama. One could not help think that this is the most fitting epitaph for the composer now dead a year—and it was written in 1898!

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Certainly, there are no Strausses among us now.

The exacting solo violin part — almost a concerto in itself — was the means for acquainting us with the talents of the new concertmaster, Jacob Krachmalnick. Only his predecessor, Alexander Hilsberg, has played it as well in our experience, and the dash, suavity, and highly personal art of the young man should keep his older colleagues on their collective, if less supple, toes. The "Coriolan" was somewhat more a mechanical, less a musical feat, but not for want, certainly, of amazingly thorough preparation.

* * *

The lavish hand with novelties which has permitted the City Center to acquaint us with such unconventional operatic experiences as "Ariadne," "The Love for Three Oranges," and Tamkin's treatment of "The Dybbuk" in the last few seasons added Wolf-Ferrari's "Quattro Rusteghi" (now termed "The Four Ruffians") to New York's roster of stage works in mid-October. The derivation from Goldoni gave some hint of the farcical content of this treatment of the young partners to a "marriage of convenience"; that they seemed, in spite of all, destined to live happily ever after, was the happiest aspect of the evening.

Wolf-Ferrari's orchestral resource, his ability to spin, weave, or embroider tone in and around vocal writing is everywhere apparent, but one felt, after an hour and a half or two, that texture had usurped the place of proportion, that a good lively anecdote had been stretched, tediously, to the proportions of a dull novel. With or without the English text of Edward Dent—a skilful job of paraphrase, generally well delivered by the company—the enterprise is too much in a single vein of mannered foolishness to sustain the attention for as long as it lasts.

Farce is not the essential skill of the Center personnel, and the shades of emphasis projected by David Lloyd and Dorothy MacNeil as the central pair, or Francis Yeend, Ellen Faull, and Margery Mayer as the female conspirators, or Richard Wentworth, George Jongeyans, and Gean Greenwell as their male counterparts more often clashed than meshed. Halasz presided over the musical effort with impressive skill, though Mstislav Dobujinsky's clumsy decor made Otto Erhardt's direction of the stage action more than ordinarily difficult. Charles Weidman's choreographic interludes were delightfully *con spirito*.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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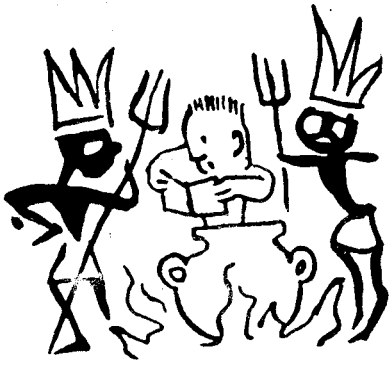

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TO BE WISE AND HUMAN

(*Continued from page* 10)

ferson would recommend a segregation of classes for various degrees of education; or suggest that the wealthy with independent fortunes might best aspire to share in conducting the affairs of the nation. No contemporary Lincoln would assert the belief that the Negro might not become equal to the white in many important matters.

It is but small consolation that other times were as evil as our own seems to be. It may not help much to understand that the TVA may be as great an accomplishment, on any count, as was Notre Dame de Chartres in its day. It may not be significant to remember with Seneca that "the good things which belong to Prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to Adversity are to be admired." The times are hard, and therefore full of challenge. But they are not times in which to curl up our toes and die or to bury our heads in the sand.

It is, of course, not the human race which is threatened with extinction. It is the civilization which was born and cradled in Western Europe, and which has had such powerful extensions in the Americas. There can be little doubt that it will be better for the other peoples of the world if this civilization does survive. As Barbara Ward reminded us in "Policy for the West": "The ideas and aspirations of Western man are still the most startling thing that has ever happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are by comparison mortally static and archaic." If we live up to our physical and moral capacities this civilization will not be extinguished. Hence it is a time not for despair but for firm confidence and action.

We can base this confidence upon the fact that we are beginning to be aware of the dimensions of the problem. Nature has not changed. Human nature has changed, we can believe, a little. There is much we still do not know about the physical universe; and about ourselves we still know all too little. We still have far to go in all the matters which have been discussed. But the important thing is that we now want to go forward. Again, as Miss Ward has said: "The idea that the sum of things could by human will and action be transformed and remade in the image of the divine took hold of men's imaginations. The static idea of social order began to give way to the revolutionary, to the ideas of a possible perfect society which could be achieved, provided men overcame the irrational and immoral aspects of their own lives and their own institutions. . . . The divine order ceased to be the sum of things that are and began to become the sum of things as they should be. Try as he would—and to return to the static is always a temptation—Western man could never again drive the fever of creation and transformation and progress out of his blood." This is the all-important standard to which we must rally.

BUT IT is not enough simply to abandon despair and adopt a posture of hope. Even though this is in itself an achievement, we must also work. We must work, not in haste as though the devil were on our tail, but with intensity and devotion and patience and consistency; we must work for a long time and not try to accomplish everything at once by some Herculean device. It is in this way, and only in this way, that we shall finally still the bellow of the Kremlin to the murmurs of a sucking dove.

We shall not be able to go about our task too successfully if we rely upon intellect alone. When we have time to think, we may or may not be able to act in the way which intellect tells us is just and equitable to all humanity. It is hard enough to conduct oneself thus when the concrete situation is a personal one; it may be quite out of the question if personal interest is raised in a form which requires a quick and spontaneous decision. Then emotion may betray the intellect. In the long run, although we may strive consciously all the time to behave as citizens motivated by religious faith, we shall come nearer to such behavior only when we have rechanneled our emotions as well as trained our minds.

This is not an easy prescription. We must start with the intellect and then proceed through enormous self-discipline until new habits have been formed. Perhaps we shall have to start anew with each generation, but children will more easily acquire emotional maturity when their parents are able to exemplify it, or at least encourage it. The prescription is designed for a slow cure. It is not a new wonder drug.

Is there time? People will differ about this. I believe that there is. The Western world can and will survive its immediate crisis without loss of what it stands for if it is courageous and faithful to its trusts.

Since as individuals we are frail and

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imperfect, and since most of us lack self-confidence when we are alone with ourselves, we naturally hope to find some institution to which we can turn for support and guidance. Some of us may even hope that such an institution will provide automatic instructions which we have only to follow to be secure. This would be most convenient if it were possible.

In the twentieth century the two influences which stand out as having any chance to fill this role are revealed and organized religion on the one hand, and, on the other, the philosophy and disciplines of natural science. These are not necessarily antithetical or competitive. But even if they find more in common than is yet clearly seen, it is also fairly certain that they fall too far short of affecting enough individuals profoundly and genuinely to give us hope that they, either alone or together, can produce majority attitudes which will express themselves in the consistently adult conduct that we need. The third force, which can work with them and also independently of them, is our educational system as a whole. Education in the humanities and social sciences in America can no longer afford to be so completely dispassionate as not to seek to distinguish good from evil.

This is risky doctrine: the slightest departure from neutrality opens the door to all sorts of improper invasions of the true province of the university, which is to stimulate learning and keep alive freedom and thought. Nonetheless, sides can be taken without too serious risk. It is time to choose them.

The fact that neither organized religion nor science can go it alone is not a matter for criticism. Many people derive such sincere personal encouragement from revealed religion or formal worship that they can better serve our common task with this encouragement. There are fewer perhaps, but certainly quite as intensely committed, men of science who find a similar encouragement in a wholehearted devotion to science. Though many scientists would deny it, a belief in the purity and nobility of such study, a thorough subscription to the rules of good scientific behavior, is in itself an act of faith.

But there are also many who only think they subscribe to the tenets of religion or science. The churches contain many consistent sinners as well as a few just men. So does the corpus of science. The average churchgoer and the average scientist may have a slightly greater disposition to be a good citizen, a generous human being, a lover of all mankind than the general average. Even this cannot be

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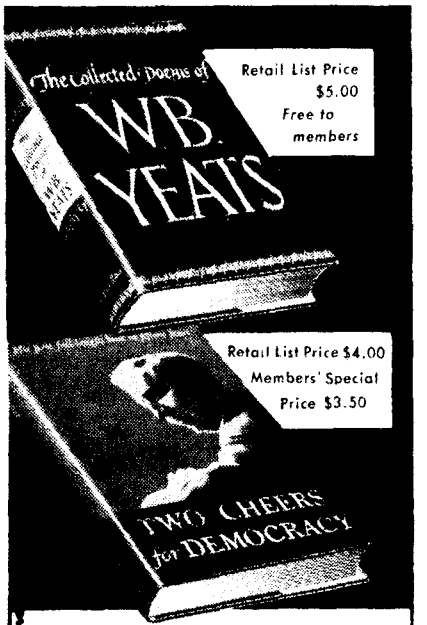

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proved. What is certain is that being a churchman or a scientist does not guarantee these attitudes; and failing to be either does not guarantee that one will *not* hold them.

The failings of the church are familiar to us all, but we may be less aware of the comparable failings of science. Of these the principal one is its frequent refusal to admit that there are many areas of human behavior, and these among the most critical, that science, as now informed, simply cannot touch. There are a few scientists who are overly sanguine as to what scientists could do if they tackled any given problem. This professional immodesty is matched by the naive modesty of numbers of non-scientists who bow to science as if they believed in its infallibility. Most scientists, and those who have had a chance to observe their conduct in broader non-scientific affairs, would reach a more temperate conclusion.

The pursuit of science, no matter how faithfully, does not guarantee universal wisdom, nor even wisdom greater than that of other equally gifted and observant people. The scientists who participated with many non-scientists in the decision of whether or not to drop the atomic bomb over Hiroshima could be carried only a little way by their explicit knowledge towards the final moral, political, and entirely non-scientific decision. The question now is not whether they judged rightly or wrongly, but that they had to come to this judgment only as men, no better and no worse than their colleagues in the discussion, no better fitted or more poorly prepared to be wise or human. Western Christians or Western atheists would not have been very differently conditioned for this decision. A Hindu might have been.

In his "Physics in the Modern World" J. Robert Oppenheimer gives us a fair warning on this point:

> We become fully aware of the need for caution if we look for a moment at what are called the social problems of the day, and try to think what one could mean by approaching them in the scientific spirit, of trying to give substance, for example, to the feeling that a society that could develop atomic energy could also develop the means of controlling it. Surely the establishment of a secure peace is very much in all our minds. It is right that we try to bring reason to bear on an understanding of this problem; but for that there are available to us no equivalents of the experimental techniques of science. Errors of conception can remain undetected and even undefined. No means of appropriately narrowing the focus of thinking is known to us. Nor have we found good avenues for extending or deepening our experience that bears upon this problem. In short, almost all the preconditions of scientific activity are missing, and in this case, at least, one may have a melancholy certainty that man's inventiveness will not rapidly provide them. All that we have from science in facing such great questions is a memory of our professional life, which makes us somewhat skeptical of other people's assertions, somewhat critical of enthusiasms so difficult to define and to control.

Thus, though religion and science both possess insights which can help to direct us, and which need to be remembered by all of us (for example the sense of dedication and the understanding that there is something greater than ourselves), neither one nor both together will be enough to guarantee the continuance of our civilization. The further thing needed cannot, as Oppenheimer says, be scientifically determined. It is then permissible to hazard a personal opinion.

Low as may be the precision of the humanities and social sciences, there still are many things which education in these fields will have to do for people of the West. Most of them are summed up in the ringing words of Winston Churchill; "I say that the flame of Christian ethics is still our highest guide. To guard and cherish it is our first interest, both spiritually and materially. The fulfillment of Spiritual duty in our daily life is vital to our survival."

But the phrase "Christian ethics" leaves something out. We need to add to it some wisdom from the Greeks, some values from Israel, some insight from Buddha. The time has gone by when "Christian ethics" can be carried to every corner of the globe with sword and prayerbook, even if the accounting ledgers are now to be left behind. The answers for this troubled world are not to be found in a universal pilgrimage to one church, or even to Christian churches altogether. Instead we must come to a common human understanding in the face of a system which is based on fatalism, cynicism, and an appliable ethic. Those who follow Christian ethics need abandon nothing. But they may need to add something.

It would be too long a sermon to indicate all which must be added. Let us concentrate on one factor which symbolizes all. What it is *not* is very well expressed in a verse from a hymn of my childhood which I have never been able to forget because of its assumption of superiority:

> From many an ancient river,
> From many a palmy plain,
> They call us to deliver
> Their land from error's chain.

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We need desperately, and from childhood, to know other peoples through their own eyes. Then we will learn:

> There is no fundamentally greater good in one race or people than in any other.
>
> Certain people may have achieved certain kinds of progress. It is their duty to share the progress as fast as possible with all other peoples who want it but never in a paternalistic way, and never primarily for the profit of the one who has already attained it. (All the high points of progress have not, by the way, been achieved by the Western world and certainly not by the people of the United States.)

If we bear these basic principles steadily in mind and are persistent in our own beliefs we shall prevail. We shall need in America to be zealous in preservation of our internal liberties, zealous in extending the freedom of education to young Negroes and young Navajo Indians, zealous in insistence upon a consistent morality in our statecraft, zealous in seeing to it that the manner of our quest for immediate objectives does not turn them into dross when they are attained. *We must seek for everyone else in the world exactly what we seek for ourselves, no more and no less.*

To imagine the total significance of this easy sentence is not itself easy. But if we can slowly bring ourselves to this level of thought and aim we need not worry if many of us are no longer able to accept the physical miracles of revealed religion. We need not worry that science will probably never be able to explain the greatest miracle of the universe; namely, that it is. On a more pragmatic level, we need not worry that we will not know very much about human personality before you and I have left this earth. We may still go forward together, content in the miracle that we have ourselves wrought.

The clue to all this seems to be in a simple dictum. In "Leviticus," and later on again and again in the Bible, we are enjoined to love our neighbors as ourselves. To make love for our neighbor effective, perhaps even to make it possible to love our neighbor, we must first know our neighbor. To gain this knowledge in a large and restless world will be extremely difficult. But the search is all-important.

With this knowledge science can yet be applied for the benefit of all men. Without it science is likely to be applied for the doom of many of us. The decision as to whether we are or are not to gain the knowledge and use it is not a decision for science, which in such matters is neutral. It is our decision, the decision for each of us, effective only if we make it our own.

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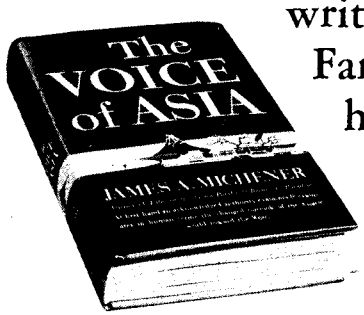

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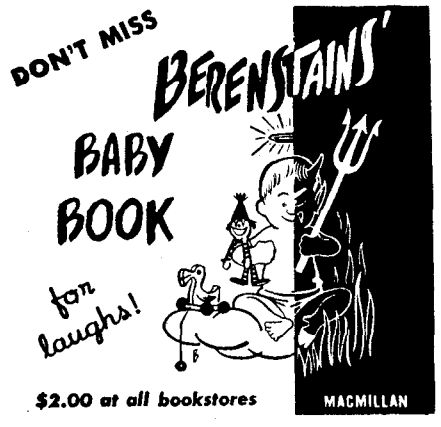

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 20*)

man decides to leave the church, however, the good faith of the clergy whom he abandons and the trust of his parishioners is challenged. It is probable that few who make this choice, however seriously they may have considered the step, anticipate the fury of controversy inevitably aroused. Certainly the Reverend Grantham Page did not. An inspired preacher and affectionate pastor of his fashionable, "Low" Episcopal parish in Philadelphia, released by the death of his wife from an unhappy and unsuitable marriage, all his doubts as to the teaching of the church are crystallized by the realization that, as a priest, he cannot marry the beautiful divorced woman whom he loves. His resignation from the clergy comes just as he is about to be offered a bishopric, and the reactions of his superiors and peers in the church, of his friends and family, to his decision, provide the dramatic interest of this novel.

Obviously the intention of the author is to present the conflict as one of intense religious significance, but it can be so only if the man engulfed by it is of deep intellectual and spiritual power and unquestioned integrity. Unfortunately Dr. Page emerges as a charming but superficial man, determined to have his own way at whatever cost. By drawing every "High" churchman as silly and hypocritical, the author has made the supposed conflict meaningless, and some of the thoughts attributed to her hero are so childishly offensive as to do real harm to the liberal cause within the church, the cause which the novel purportedly champions. —PAMELA TAYLOR.

Felix Holt—"an enchanting story."

Eunice Pollard Williams—"controversy."

THE GABRIEL HORN. By Felix Holt. Dutton. $3. Tight-fisted and pious, Uncle Zack and Aunt Soph were the sort of kinfolk who couldn't tolerate seeing a young widower "raise a boy like he is an Injun, living in the woods and tramping from place to place." Uncle Zack invited Big and Little Eli Wakefield to the Jackson Purchase country in hopes of sending the boy to school and settling his father in the tobacco business. When Zack and Soph brought Miss Susie to visit for an evening Little Eli knew "they were trying to make a match of their own whittling." But Big and Little Eli were thinking only of Hannah Bolen, the bound girl who had helped them out of trouble and to whom they'd become so quickly attached. Unlike Miss Susie, Hannah wasn't the kind of woman who would object to Big Eli reciting the Scriptures as if they were adventure stories nor to his blowing the Gabriel Horn, from which "the sound poured out like blue smoke from a gun muzzle, sharp as flint at first and then spreading out full and mellow to die far away on the light wind." After Hannah disappeared Little Eli knew Miss Susie was getting her hooks pretty deep into Big Eli because he agreed to sell their dog Faro, who had been with them for as long as Little Eli could remember. It was kind of a close shave, but Big Eli finally proved he was not a man who could disappoint his son.

"The Gabriel Horn" is an enchanting story of two comrades who believed that love and freedom were the most important things in life a man could have. Their wonderful adventures on the Kentucky frontier are certain to delight you.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

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THE DANGER SIGNALS ARE UP

(*Continued from page 25*)

fools if we do not set them up to serve as much of our lives and to throw light on as many of our problems as they can.

The advertiser began paying for the public's radio because at the time that broadcasting started there seemed no way of collecting from listeners for the programs they selected. The only way of collecting from the public at all seemed to be by means of a Government tax on radio sets, a proposal which understandably did not find favor, and which might very easily have brought radio too much under Government influence. But the seemingly insoluble problem which then existed of collecting directly from the public for its radio programs does not now exist in connection with television in view of such inventions and proposed services as Phonevision, Subscriber-Vision, and Telecoin, permitting programs to be received exclusively by those who pay for them. Such services could afford to broadcast, and could make money on, a wide range of programs appealing to much smaller groups of people than the advertiser would find profitable. When an advertiser sells goods as a result of a radio or television program the money he takes in must pay for his product as well as his program, hence his necessity for huge audiences. But the money taken in by the subscription broadcasters would go only to pay for the program. This, together with the fact that subscription broadcasters could charge prices generally comparable with motion-picture admissions, (more than many advertisers receive for product and program) would make small audiences profitable. This in turn could mean that television broadcasting might eventually cover a range of subject matter almost as wide as the printed word now does. In entertainment, instead of radio's relatively invariable menu of crooning, crime, and gag-making, we might have not only current plays and movies, as has been pointed out, but everything else from the classics to wood-working-as-a-week-end-hobby. I have seven grandchildren and, by a second marriage, two young children age six and three, and I would feel a lot less helpless about their picture of the world if we had subscription television as well as advertising television.

Subscription broadcasting of television programs would create a new field for the free enterprise system and would further the healthy competition we know we must have in business to keep it free and keep it serving us well. How can this proposal be seen in any other light?

As much as we need more varied entertainment in television, our need for more and better educational and informational programs is even greater. It seems to me that commercial subscription broadcasters could make important contributions in these fields, but that would be secondary to what could be done by stations devoted primarily to broad public education by qualified institutions, and it was very good news to me that the FCC had tentatively reserved a percentage of our potential television licenses for stations devoted to educational broadcasting. Questions have been raised however, whether the FCC's 10 per cent is enough, and as to whether the proposed channels will provide enough power. These are matters about which I can have no opinion without far more information than I now have about all aspects of the problem. I suspect that most members of Congress as well as people in general are in the same boat; and therein

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 437

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 437 will be found in the next issue.

ZAS UCZHCTUPWSE, ZAS

ZLUMUH, HLS ZAS

EUTCUIUQHCZ LSHWUZUSE

XI RHUWO WUMUCT.

—JXLLUE W. SLCEZ.

Answer to Crypt No. 436

No bubble is so iridiscent or floats longer than that blown by the successful teacher.

—SIR WILLIAM OSLER.

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lies, to me, the importance of Senator William Benton's fight for more time and more specific study—before it is too late—of what we ought to do from here on about the whole field of television. Senator Benton is obviously right in his *Saturday Review* article ["Television with a Conscience," Aug. 25], when he writes that once we get set on the wrong lines with the remainder of our station assignments it will be too late to undo the damage.

TELEVISION, made free to serve the full range of public interest, and not confined to the narrow range of advertiser interest, is the best hope I know of to help us meet the strain which modern complexity puts on the process of self-government in a free society. With science rushing changes at us which affect every corner of our lives and bring every corner of the world closer, our need for greater grasp is desperate. (Our need for greater grasp of television is an example). Our survival as a free people depends on our ability to acquire it. Apart from television's power to entertain, its power to inform is far beyond anything we have known, and far beyond what we now see.

I imagine that many people believe that the way to win the war for men's minds around the world is to tell a better story about democracy and freedom than the Soviets tell about Communism. This is only part of the way to victory, much the lesser part. Regardless of what we say about ourselves via the Voice of America or other means, the kind of a people we are in action at home will speak much louder and in greater volume. No medium like television has ever before existed to reflect our character and actions now, and to help mold them for the future. Except for our military defense, what question is there before the country which is half as important today as the question of the uses that will be made of television?

In asking for the creation of a National Citizens' Advisory Commission to aid the public, the Congress, and the FCC in thinking through the problems of this new force that has been thrust upon us, Senator Benton in his *SRL* article on television is certainly on as sane and reasonable ground as any man could be. He does not pretend to know all the answers, nor does he ask that the Government dictate the answers. What he asks is that the problems and possibilities be given the respect and study they deserve—and the public airing they ought to have—by a group of qualified citizens so that the best answers can be found. How can we afford to do less?

IT'S STILL A BUSINESS

(*Continued from page 25*)

might well have its license revoked. But who was to decide which stations were "too commercial"? The FCC. And was a cultural program, a symphony concert a public service? Not if it was sponsored, the Commission would readily contend.

The Blue Book is history. Its threat was smashed by aroused broadcasters. Yet it will never be forgotten, because the broadcaster eternally senses the desire on the part of government, of ill-advised "do-gooders," to sneak over a knockout punch. That is where Senator Benton comes in with his proposed bill setting up a Citizens' Advisory Board to issue an annual report on radio and television, with suggestions and advice for the FCC and Congress. He has reopened the whole question. When he proposes that radio and TV need constant re-evaluation by some sort of super-committee, he again singles out the broadcaster as a man without equal rights and freedom. When he further proposes that this public commission shall "advise" the FCC of its findings in evaluating radio and television, he infers that its findings shall have some bearing on the Commission's power to issue—and revoke—licenses. Censorship . . . government control of radio . . . a violation of freedom of speech—that's what the broadcaster thinks it is. He'll fight to the bitter end on this issue. So would I.

The broadcasters think that the kind of radio and TV that would result from this proposed legislation would not be profitable to operate as private enterprise. It would have a smaller audience and there would be fewer advertisers. The investment in dollars and skill and faith of hundreds of small businessmen, the station owners, would be threatened and quite possibly wiped out. And the American public would have lost far more than it will ever gain under any other system.

All this fuss and excitement kicked up by broadcasters is surprising; it is difficult to believe that one in a hundred feels that this bill has a remote chance of becoming law. They've been through all this before; they've seen the radio reformers come and go. They can look back at the Blue Book, and a dozen other attempts to change our system of radio—all of them failures. They don't give this one an outside chance.

Why don't they give this legislation a remote chance of becoming law? Because the broadcasters of this country

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are convinced that if the Benton Bill is enacted, it—or subsequent developments produced by it—will destroy the American system of radio as it exists today. And they feel they know—they don't simply think or hope, they *know*—that the American public doesn't want it that way.

They are sure they can prove this. For years now they've spent millions of dollars more than any other medium—more than the newspaper and magazine people put together—trying to find out what people want to hear . . . and see.

The facts gathered by this research prove to them, year after year, that the public does not look to radio for more of the kinds of programs its critics say it should feature. The facts show that people don't want them. They won't listen to them. They won't watch them.

And the broadcaster knows that if he tries to force his audience to listen to programs they don't want, there will soon be no audience, and maybe no radio.

Sometimes he wonders whether there shouldn't be another "freedom" added to the list of new ones we've discovered lately: freedom from culture. He thinks that many of his listeners would welcome it.

Radio may not be all we want it to be—what is, anyhow?—but in its present state it is a communications force so vital to the nation that anything that would tend to weaken it seems to the radio industry only to be classed as sabotage. I have often heard radio men remark that our enemies can do no more effective piece of damage to this nation's readiness and vitality than to jam our radio stations—not electronically from outside as they do with the Voice of America—but culturally, from within, by simply loading its program schedules with "helpful educational talks and discussions," material that they are persuaded would surely reduce its effectiveness in quickly reaching masses of the people.

Broadcasters—and the public—are getting pretty tired of all this fuss over something that is liked and used. Listen to this composite broadcaster:

"I've been through this for years. It's always the same. Somebody decides that people aren't getting enough culture. It's easier to get at me than at the newspaper or the book or magazine publishers because I've got that FCC license renewal hanging over my head, so they pin the job on me. Sure, I'm afraid I'll lose my license, my business and my investment with it—what good is a radio transmitter without a license?—so I start loading up with all this cultural stuff. Trouble is, the only people who want it are the crackpots who threatened me—and even they don't listen to it. They're too busy trying to uplift everybody else. So I lose a lot of my listeners and my advertisers get sore and switch back to the newspapers, where they just give people what they want to read. What does this accomplish, anyhow?"

Here's another:

"I've tried. I built a radio station in this city because I felt that the stations already here weren't catering to the tastes of a segment of the audience—the cultural people, the educated ones, the opinion-forming group. I figured I could supply their needs and even raise the cultural level of some of the others who might occasionally listen to my station. I worked with the universities, the little theatre groups, the local musical clubs, with other cultural groups. I programmed discussions and talks and lectures. I almost lost my shirt. I'm all through investing in culture that nobody wants. Now I program music—good and bad—and news, and if I'm lucky eventually I'll get my losses back. Anybody who tries to change radio from what it is to what these Senators think it ought to be is going to ruin radio itself."

WHILE the broadcaster does not expect passage of this bill, he does fear that the radio audience will be deceived by a phenomenon described by Paul Lazarsfeld of Columbia University as a "social acoustic." This is the effect created by an articulate minority—in this case the critics of radio as a private enterprise—which make it appear that they actually reflect public opinion. Of course they do not, but such is the psychology of the listener that he might actually be convinced in some cases that the attitudes he has worn so comfortably are not really his attitudes at all.

In the short three decades of commercial radio, station operators have seen a tremendous growth in the national literacy rate, a steadily increasing curve of interest in music, the theatre, the other arts—in all those things labeled "cultural." They believe that, without receiving much credit for the job and indeed without having consciously tried to achieve the effect, radio has been primarily responsible for this acceleration in public awareness. They have a feeling that further development along these lines will occur, as it has in the past, through sheer force of public interest and preference. They do not believe that you can capture men's minds, or uplift them for that matter, through legislation. They have faith in the people, and the people have faith in radio.

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by FRANK KIMBALL

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• **A RADIO & TV STAR:**

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DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

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THE FINE ARTS

JAMES ENSOR

—Photographs by courtesy of The Museum of Modern Art.

"The Battle of the Golden Spurs" (1895)—"the fantasy is extremely personal."

TWO GREAT modern painters—the Norwegian, Edvard Munch, and the Belgian, James Ensor—whose careers took place outside the main orbit of contemporary European art, have recently been given large retrospective exhibitions in America; the latter's show, having just closed at New York's Museum of Modern Art, will be seen at the Cleveland Museum of Art, the City Art Museum of St. Louis, and the Boston Institute of Contemporary Art. The fame of both men has been considerable here for a very long time. Yet I think it fair to say that both have emerged from the ordeal of a one-man retrospective with authority far in excess of what was expected. Perhaps this is especially true of Ensor. He was not on the whole as fine a graphic artist as Munch but he was, I believe, a better painter, and his talents stayed with him longer than the Norwegian's, though in both cases we must concede the premature decline of creative force which is so disturbingly frequent among twentieth-century artists.

Both men were essentially provincials—with an important difference. Whereas Munch sought through travel to Germany and France a tradition which his own country could only sparsely provide in the plastic arts, Ensor was heir to the demonic fantasy of Bosch and Breugel and to Rubens's opulent color. As a result, the latter could rely on a strong atavistic impetus; he seldom left his native Ostend, where his mother's curio shop, hung with masks and other gimcrackery of disguise, beloved of the Flemings, supplied his art with a leitmotiv. His role as forerunner of two outstanding twentieth-century movements in art—expressionism and surrealism—was acknowledged internationally on the scholarly level. But not until the false report of his death was circulated in 1942 did he achieve a more popular fame. The irony of this fact quite likely delighted him, for mocking skeletons are often met with in his art. Indeed, no other outstanding painter of recent times can have been so consistently preoccupied with macabre subjects, with an explicit demonology for which his surrealist heirs substituted the veiled torments of the subconscious mind.

Ensor's mature career began around 1880 with still lifes, landscapes, figure pieces, and interiors. He was only twenty at the time, and his technical assurance was already remarkable. Perhaps the finest pictures of 1880 to 1882 are the portraits and the interiors, the latter foretelling by almost a decade the atmospheric intimacy of Vuillard and Bonnard. On the basis of these works, one would have said that Ensor was destined to become a painter of the untroubled commonplace, adroit, happy, delighting in rich textures and subtle contrasts of tone. But then, in 1883, he completed a portrait of himself wearing a flowered woman's hat, and thereafter a wry sense of fantasy seldom left him in peace for long, as if the darker side of the Northern tradition in the arts had claimed him irresistibly. If, for example, we compare his 1883 picture of drunkards with French versions of the same subject, we sense the emergence of a Nordic malaise, a preoccupation with evil in its piercing rather than its picturesque aspects. And presently skeletons and masks began to play an important part in his iconography. Around 1886 he flirted briefly with the arbitrary linear patterns of the symbolists. But as Miss Libby Tannenbaum points out in her gifted and perceptive text for the show's catalogue, "Ensor was far from the formal emphasis and restraints of his own period." She adds a quotation from the artist himself: "Pictorially speaking, my technique is allied to the subject."

It was indeed. Throughout his career Ensor varied his technical approach to exceptional degree, according to what he considered were the emotional demands of a given subject. Sometimes, as in the "Skeletons Trying to Warm Themselves" (see illustration), he worked with extreme precision of detail, feeling perhaps, as the surrealists were often to feel forty years later, that so unlikely a theme should be stated in terms of maximum physical credibility. But on the facing page in the catalogue—surely not by accident—is reproduced an etching called "Stars in the Cemetery"; it is as abstract and "automatic" an image as any produced lately by the younger American painter, Jackson Pollack.

ONE OF the most singular of Ensor's inventions was his use of diminutive, densely massed figures, literally innumerable, and filling large areas of the composition, as in the famous etching of 1886, "The Cathedral," and in his enormous painting, "Entry of Christ into Brussels" (1888). There is precedent in Breugel and other Northern artists for an iconographic huddle of crowds. But it would be hard to think of any other artist who has conveyed so weird and memorable an impression of teeming multitudes. The impression, as Miss Tannenbaum points out, "is immediately felt if not immediately understood in explicit terms."

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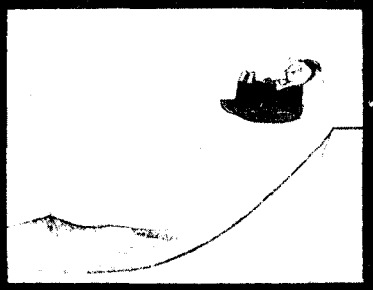
Modern artist say Merry christmas?



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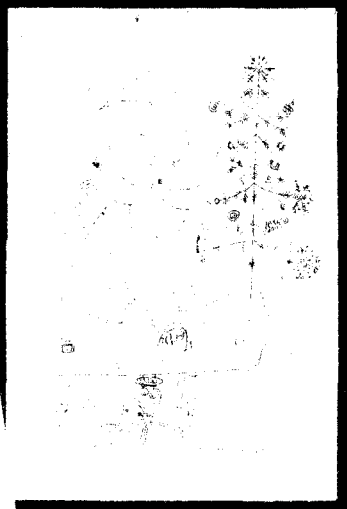

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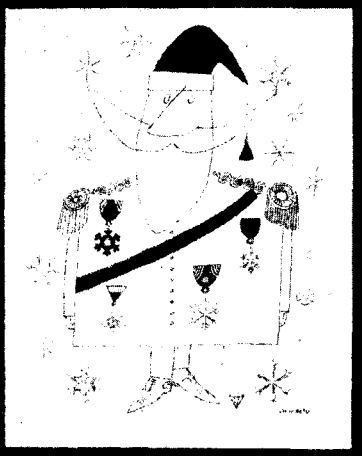

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Not Pictured
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TO THE
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"Skeletons Trying to Warm Themselves"—"extreme precision of detail."

"Masks Confronting Death"—"profoundly ironic."

That fact, of course, is what gives the impression its uncanny force; one looks at the crowds with a feeling of inexplicable uneasiness, of incredulity. In certain images of the kind, such as "The Battle of the Golden Spurs" (see illustration), the action of many of the figures is carefully defined; in others, one is aware only of a squirming helplessness, as in watching thousands of small fish in a net. But in both cases the fantasy is extremely personal—a decided earmark of Ensor's strong, eccentric character as an artist.

I mentioned at the beginning that if Ensor was the heir of Bosch and Breugel, he was also heir to the tonal exuberance that had reached its apogee in Rubens. And there are a number of paintings in the current exhibition which are astonishingly beautiful in color. I think especially of the "Masks Confronting Death" (see illustration). In this picture one sees at its clearest that strange amalgam of sensuous appeal with distraught psychological impact which Ensor made so peculiarly his own. Seen across a large room, the image is so beguiling in its sparkle of tones that one might assume it to be a still life of giddy spring flowers. Then, on closer view, the monstrous subject matter asserts itself; the idiotic conclave of masked figures presses in on a cloaked skeleton in a plumed hat. We are somehow abruptly in the presence of doom, prophecy, and death, and the picture's seductive qualities are revealed as profoundly ironic.

How odd that so distinguished an artist should have spent so much of his later career in admiring the works of his youth! During the decades preceding his death in 1949, at the age of eighty-nine, he produced a few estimable pictures. But mainly as Miss Tannenbaum points out, "He hugs the early work: refuses to sell it, signs it, sometimes several times, dates it, copies it, elaborates the titles, colors early etchings, sketches paintings in little copy-books, with their histories written in a minuscule hand. The paintings hang in the house [at Ostend] as part of the scenery of his life, to figure again and again in the later canvases." Thus, so far as meaningful career is concerned, Ensor must be considered as primarily a late nineteenth-century artist. But in terms of fertile example for later painters, he deserves to rank not unthinkably far below his great contemporaries, the French post-impressionists. His contribution is evident proof of a fact we tend often to forget: that great talent can cross the most restricted of local borders, can move easily and profitably in larger worlds.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Defense of the Contemporary

REVOLUTION AND TRADITION IN MODERN AMERICAN ART. By John I. H. Baur. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 180 *pp.* $6.

By ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN

ONE OF the most important facets of this book is the company it keeps, or will keep when the series it inaugurates has been completed. It is the first of thirteen volumes to be published by the Harvard University Press, under the general editorship of Ralph Henry Gabriel, professor of history at Yale, and under the sponsorship of the Library of Congress. The entire survey, known as the Library of Congress Series in American Civilization, aims to present in layman's language a picture of American life in the twentieth century. Subsequent volumes will deal with the home, business, labor, agriculture, politics, literature, education, journalism, scholarship, and religion, and with the American people as a whole.

That the series begins with a book on painting and sculpture may signify one or all of three different things: that Baur was the first of the authors involved to finish his manuscript; that American art has at last come into its own in the estimation of the learned; or that Professor Gabriel wishes to put his best foot forward with a book which is a model of lucidity, simplicity, and comprehensiveness. A decade ago a project of this kind would not have considered art at all, and it is worth noting that Professor Gabriel does not plan a volume on music; American art, however, has come tremendously to the fore in recent years, but it still has at least one redoubt to conquer. Gabriel is a school man and so are all his authors except Baur. American art, especially in its contemporary phases, has still to win a place of high importance in academic art circles.

John I. H. Baur is curator of painting and sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum. He has written much on American art and probably knows more about the odd, unexplored corners of this subject than any man alive: witness the fact that the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston selected him to compile the catalogue of the large collection of American painting off-the-beam of conventional art history recently donated by Maxim Karolik.

A man like that is required to write a general survey of this kind, for American art needs the specific, detailed study — hundreds of specific, detailed studies — before the grand generalization can be made. The curse of American art history is the effort to see the forest before the trees have been identified, but if artists were labeled like plants or animals, there would be more than one genus Bauri on our books.

Mr. Baur divides his 154 pages of text into twelve chapters. The first introduces the entire subject; then there are chapters on the revolutionary side of the story. First is the revolution in subject matter which brought the artists of the early century to the American scene. The formal revolutions of expressionism and abstract art take three chapters, whereupon tradition is given three—the traditions of impressionism, realism, romanticism, and primitive art. The tenth chapter deals with social forces playing on the American artist in the twentieth century, the eleventh with Trends and Portents, and the last with the knotty, unanswerable question, What is American?

If any of these chapters is more important than any other, it is the one called Trends and Portents. This is the clearest, most well-mannered and intelligently reasoned defense of contemporary experiment in art that I have ever had the pleasure of reading. But in his survey of work accomplished, Baur has missed very little of importance; he phrases his definitions in masterly style, fills out the story with much that has been neglected or forgotten, and manages to respect the individual while following the line of a movement.

If Baur fails anywhere, it is in laying too slight an emphasis on the surrealists and their influence, and this leads him not only to neglect some important people, like Kay Sage, but also to perpetrate his one striking inconsistency. On page 32 he quotes Hawthorne to show that our tradition is one of "commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight," but on page 57 we find him insisting that the early American abstractionists had to seek in abstraction "a dynamic structure and a romantic spirit—which was perhaps the only way in which abstract art could be linked to our long romantic tradition."

The book is illustrated with 199 halftones on ninety-two pages. We may be thankful that the Harvard University Press has not chosen cheaper methods of reproduction, so that the plates do their subjects some justice.

Alfred Frankenstein is art and music critic for the San Francisco Chronicle.

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Here is the French film star Maria Lani as seen by Roualt, Goerg, Braque, and Matisse and reproduced in the book "Art Has Many Faces."

The Why and How of Art

ART HAS MANY FACES: The Nature of Art Presented Visually. By Katharine Kuh. New York: Harper & Bros. $6.50.

By MARGARETTA SALINGER

THE last fifty years have witnessed the evolution and development of something very new and very, very strange, referred to (often with bitterness and grief) as "modern art." Its origins and its personality have been probed by countless writers floundering deeper and ever more helplessly in the mazes of their confused explanations. And the poor man in Fifty-seventh Street standing before a modern work mutters "I hate it" because he has been too abashed to ask first "What is it?" At this strategic moment the Curator of the Gallery of Art Interpretation at the Art Institute of Chicago has constructed an excellent book, human and simple in its approach and divinely merciful in language. In it Mrs. Kuh does not pontificate nor sit in judgment. "This is not art history," she states in her introduction, "nor is it critical evaluation . . . the emphasis is on *why* and *how* rather than when and what." It is "a book with pictures accompanied by a running text and designed to explain art in terms of art." With the admirable typography and layout of Gyorgy Kepes she accomplishes just that.

Boldly accepting the difficult challenge, the author has devoted a full half of the book—the latter half—to contemporary art. In the first part she prepares the reader for his ordeal, at the same time illuminating for him many earlier forms of art.

She demonstrates that the different aspects of art are not more surprisingly various than the differing aspects of nature. Then she explains how the artist "takes liberties" in the selection and arrangement of material and in his choice of line, color, shape, lighting, space, and texture. Variations in art also come about, she shows, through the use of different tools and materials, and a series of well-chosen examples illustrate this. In a chapter called Environment Conditions the Artist, without recourse to the intimidating phraseology usually employed in writings about the discernment of styles, she outlines the dominant unities by which a period like the Venetian sixteenth century expresses itself in a pair of embroidered shoes

as well as in a coffered ceiling. Finally, the twentieth century is presented under the five headings of Simultaneity, The Machine, War, Psychoanalytical Thought, and The City. The last chapter nominates Klee, Mondrian, and Picasso as major representatives of their period.

Throughout the book, even when dealing with embarrassingly complex subject matter, Mrs. Kuh has scrupulously thrust behind her the temptation to relax on clichés and esoteric phrases, and she deserves as reward an enormous reading public. She has achieved an astonishing clarity and conciseness in explaining complicated things. What art historian can look with anything but admiration and envy on a definition of the flying buttress as "an external support permitting stone masonry to be opened by large and frequent windows?"

Occasionally the notion creeps into the mind of the reader that Mrs. Kuh

is a wee bit too serious and does not sufficiently allow for artistic caprice. This is the case with her interpretation of Picasso's "Table" and his "Guitar." Sometimes too, as in the notes about Klee's "Lady and Fashion" and Cezanne's "Houses Through the Trees", it seems as though the richness and generosity of the author's own intelligence endue the work of art with more than the artist himself implied. But this is the spectator's privilege and an error in the right direction; lucky is the artist who paints for a ready and informed public!

Margaretta Salinger is on the staff at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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Appreciation of the Masters

THE HARPER HISTORY OF PAINTING. By David M. Robb. New York: Harper & Bros. 1,066 pp., 522 illus. $12.50.

By WALTER PACH

THE thousands of college students and the many other readers who have used an earlier history by Professor Robb (in collaboration with J. J. Garrison) will be prepared for the thoroughly documented study which has gone into the present work. The author's effort with this "History of Painting" has intensified rather than relaxed, and it has been mellowed by more of his own personal appreciation of the masters he follows—from prehistoric times to the very latest years in the incessant development of painting. A subtitle, "The Occidental Tradition," sets a welcome limit to the scope, for the work would have had to be expanded unmanageably had it essayed more.

A distinctive expression of the Western world—possibly, indeed, *the* most distinctive one—the vast extent of painting, in time, content, and variety of styles, must oblige any writer on the subject as a whole to base his work on previous authorities to a considerable degree. Professor Robb bears witness to this, both by citations in his text and by his extensive and useful bibliography. In many instances throughout his book schools and individuals are described far more through their purpose and methods than through a judgment on the quality and value of the work. This rather impersonal approach, frequently accompanied by description of technical procedures, is enlivened, however, by renderings of the emotion aroused by pictures in the author himself or in the artists who have been influenced by one painter or another. Thus, if "polemic and special pleading do not rear their ugly heads," as Francis Henry Taylor writes in his introduction to the book, if it is "easy to teach with," as he also states, it is well removed from the many historical works which sin in the matter of lifeless anonymity, on the one hand, or the conceitedness of merely individual judgments, on the other.

An example of the best writing that avoids both pitfalls is to be seen in Professor Robb's treatment of Rembrandt. With revealing allusions to Rembrandt's ideas, as contrasted with those of Hals, Rubens, and several of the great Italians, the reader is prepared to follow the master's development both in his esthetics—his understanding of form and color—and in his spiritual evolution. Most important of all is the realization offered by the author that the two phases of the glorious art are inseparably connected.

Indeed, a merit continuing almost throughout this history is that it touches on the character of a given people or period in order to connect the demands made by that character with the type of art thus produced. Variety in the styles of painting is thus seen to be logical, but the unity of the whole is emphasized by recalling such a relationship as that of Thomas Eakins with the Dutch, or Picasso's acceptance of the specifically Iberian forms which his native peninsula had brought forth so many centuries before.

Having stressed several of the really fine aspects of the book, it is but fair to the public to call attention to what appear to be shortcomings. For example, with Mrs. Kennedy's work on Baldovinetti before one, and splendid memories of that master coming to mind, it does seem as if he should not have been passed over in silence. What is perhaps most astonishing is that a single brief reference to Fouquet (in a study of certain details of the Cubist painters) dismisses the fifteenth-century master who is placed by critics of the eminence of Roger Fry and Henri Focillon at the highest level of his art. Many of us must regard as a merely conventional underestimate the one this book gives of Jan Steen, though it will necessarily find wider acceptance than the rating of Fouquet. Recent painting and criticism point to a far less cool evaluation of Louis Le Nain than this book affords; and such total omissions as those of Vanderlyn, William Morris Hunt, Jongkind, Bonnard, Tamayo, and Villon are hard to understand. Also unmentioned is Arthur B. Davies, to whom was due the credit for "selecting most of the European works in the Armory Show of 1913," and not to Walt Kuhn, as the author states.

Other readers, even while recognizing the need to exclude numbers of important but secondary painters, will have their own list of errors, real or supposed. In a task of such magnitude as this book presents, defects are sure to appear, either through excess of caution due to following received opinion, or through excess of freedom in following one's own opinion. It should suffice, however, for critics of this work to look at the sections on great periods like that of Louis David, Ingres, and Delacroix; it will be seen that the monumental problem of this history has not prevented the author from writing memorable passages of appreciation. His analysis of epochs and procedures goes hand in hand with an understanding of the heroes of art, and they live anew in these pages.

—*From "The Harper History of Painting."*

"Starry Night," by Van Gogh, at the Museum of Modern Art.

Walter Pach is the author of "Modern Art in America," "The Art Museum in America," and other books.

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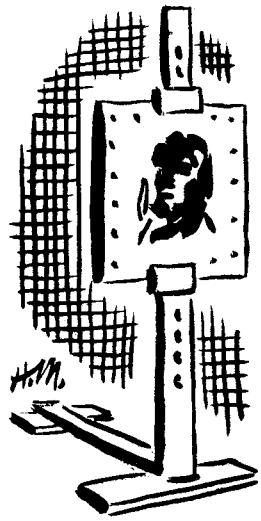
Art Book Notes

JOHANNES VERMEER. By P. T. A. Swillens. Translated by C. M. Breuning-Williamson. Crowell. $7.50. Although Vermeer was "rediscovered" about a century ago and has been the subject of growing scholarly and popular interest ever since, few writers have ventured to investigate his work and career with any thoroughness. This is understandable, because there is a great deal of dispute even as to which of the forty-odd pictures that have been attributed to him actually are his. Mr. Swillens admits only twenty-eight as Vermeer's work, another authority, thirty-seven; there is complete concurrence on no more than two dozen. Mr. Swillens does not authenticate any of the four "Vermeers" in our own National Gallery, although both Venturi and Van Thienen, among others, list "Young Girl with a Flute." Thus, if a writer is to avoid merely rehashing secondary sources he has to garner his material from seventeenth-century Dutch records, as Mr. Swillen has done for this book. To such of the elusive facts of Vermeer's life as Mr. Swillens has been able to collect, he adds painstaking analyses of the pictures from many angles. In the case of the "View of Delft," for example, he has through study of contemporary maps, established the existence in Vermeer's day of a house standing in the public gardens from which he could have painted the scene from nature, a practice little known in the seventeenth century. He came upon this discovery out of a conviction that so remarkable a representation could not have been done from memory or sketches.

The same method has served him equally well in analyzing the "Street Delft"; through the evidence of maps, old engravings, legal documents, and super-imposed pictures he shows it was painted in a house directly to the rear of Vermeer's studio. Mr. Swillens shows that most of the painter's "interiors" were done in five actual rooms or slight variations of them. For eleven pictures he submits ground plans, side elevations, light conditions, perspective schemes, and even the dimensions of the floor tiles. Where applicable he has done iconographic research. Technical, stylistic, and esthetic problems are all entered into at length. If these add nothing to our knowledge of the personality of the artist they do make available within the compass of two hundred pages of text all the available material desirable for further study of the subject. It is somewhat surprising, however, that the author has made no analysis of the rectangularity that exists in the surface compositions of most of the authentic Vermeers. The volume contains eighty black-and-white illustrations, many of which are devoted to material collateral to the paintings.

—L. R. SANDER.

EARLY AMERICAN COPPER, TIN & BRASS. By Henry J. Kauffman. Medill McBride. $5. In 1648 Governor Endicott, with the aid of Richard Leader, discovered copper ore in the English colonies. Later in 1714-15 an old slave delighted his master when he found in New Jersey what was later called the Schular mine. From these discoveries, with the already flourishing iron and tin works, an industry was begun.



Mr. Kauffman's book is fine ore in the field of American decorative arts. Save for Albert Sonn's "Early American Wrought Iron" (1928) and Henry Mercer's "The Bible in Iron" (1914), there is little on the subject of American metalwork which may have begun with Governor Endicott and an old New Jersey slave.

Early tinsmiths, braziers, copper, iron, and brass workers were rare craftsmen, and even the itinerants were of a superior breed, for one writer mentions that these workers "stirred the molten metal with a finger!" Men with such superhuman stamina could undoubtedly create from rude metals objects of lasting use and beauty.

Mr. Kauffman has included in this valuable volume some fine examples of pots and stills, warming pans and andirons, lanterns, molds, sconces, and toleware.

—RENE L. HOWELL.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mrs. Grant Munroe, in "The Yellow Face." 2. Annie Harrison, in "The Naval Treaty." 3. Mary Sutherland, in "A Case of Identity." 4. Kate Whitney, in "The Man With the Twisted Lip." 5. Helen Stoner, in "The Speckled Band." 6. Flora Millar, in "The Noble Bachelor." 7. Violet Hunter, in "The Copper Beeches." 8. Lady Eva Blackwell, in "The Adventure of Milerton." 9. Lady Hilda Trelawney Hope, in "The Second Stain." 10. Sarah Cushing, in "The Cardboard Box." 11. Grace Dunbar, in "Thor Bridge." 12. Irene Adler, in "A Scandal in Bohemia."

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The New Recordings

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AMERICAN BIRD SONGS (Vol. 2). Albert R. Brand Bird Song F'ndtion, Cornell. Five plastic 78's in album, $10.50. (No LP.) (Comstock Publ. Co., 124 Roberts Pl., Ithaca, N. Y.)	▶ Rather remarkable recording, all new (tape), wide range; excellent background realism on ultra-quiet surface; good editing leaves proper intervals betw. calls. Most birds very close-to, loud. Dubbed-in commentary.	First-rate collection of 50 odd birds, the country over, arranged in groups— Roadside, Shade Tree, Marsh, etc. Invaluable for collectors, interesting for anyone— some are spine-chilling! Write in your vote for an LP edition.
CHRISTOPHER RECORDINGS ON SEX INSTRUCTION. The Christophers, 18 E. 48th St., NYC. Four 78's, or one LP.	▶ Radio-style conventional dramatizations, with music, announcer, parents, boy, girl. These Catholic-sponsored records are for parents, not kids; subjects are tackled in so many words but, to this ear, treatment is painfully unctuous, goody-goody, treading on no sacred toes at all. However, one must grant a pioneering effort—who has done better?	
SPANISH THROUGH PICTURES. Richards, Metcalf, Gibson. Educational Svces., 1702 K St. NW, Wash., D. C. Two LP's, Pocket Book.	▶ Like "French Through Pictures," the voice recording is somewhat muffled, lacking highs, not following prevailing LP curve of pre-emphasis. A mistake—this should be standard tape-LP stuff.	Second in this series, with Pocket Book of same title; humorous line drawings instead of translations, the text spoken on record, to be repeated by student. Excellent idea, good class supplement.
SONGS OF THE CHIPPEWA. Recorded 1907-10 by Frances Densmore (on cylinders). Lib. Congress, Music Div., Recording Lab. One LP; five 78's. Booklet.	▶ Transcribed from vast inaccessible collection of acoustic cylinders (3,591 of them!), these are primitive in quality, though quite listenable. Hardly enjoyable *per se* for the uninitiate. Short (1 min.) excerpts.	The Library's first LP is its most antique publ. recording. Excellent material for those interested, a valuable LP document. (But let's hope for some modern LP's of currently surviving folk music, newly recorded.)
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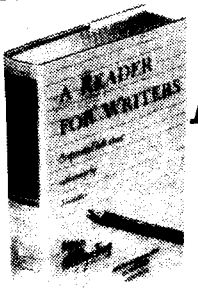
WAGNER: "TRISTAN"—"LIEBESNACHT," "NARRATIVE AND CURSE." Flagstad, Svanholm, Shacklock, Höngen; Philharmonia Orch., Böhm, Dobrowen. RCA Victor LM 1151	▶ Flagstad is at stage-distance here—far and away the best technique for recording such a voice as it is heard, alive. Good British recording, a bit dull in the highs.	A still-thrilling glimpse of the great soprano in a cluttered setting; she's under par in spots but unbeatable in others. Orch. accompaniment and vocal assists neutrally good. Not to be missed.
STRAUSS: "DON QUIXOTE." Bavarian State Orch., R. Strauss. Decca DL 9539	▶ Fine example of top quality older recording — the broad, solid steadiness, the rounded perspective easily make up for lack of highs.	The old master himself—a masterfully clean, chiseled performance, model of classic clarity of line. Transferred from European 78's. A prize reissue.
BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 3 ("EROICA"). Berlin Philharmonic, Schuricht. Decca DL 9534	▶ Also, apparently, from discs—postwar and wide-range. But the recording is thinnish in body, the surfaces noisy, my copy.	A strangely casual, lightweight "Eroica," antithesis of the heavy Koussevitzky type. String playing not very good—the whole not impressive, though interesting.
BRAHMS: SYMPHONY No. 1. Berlin Philharmonic, Keilberth. Capitol P 8153	▶ Prepared for 78's—some of the breaks show up; but a thoroughly modern recording of excellent quality, well balanced and natural. Surfaces so-so.	I find this good—an unaffected, rather personal playing, never too tense, details well cared for, the lyric side stressed in a freshly Schumann-like way. Fine string playing.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.



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NATURE

(*Continued from page 16*)

courage. I also feel sure that everyone who reads this rather short account of "The Ape in Our House" will be anxious to learn more of how Viki progresses with the education of her genus Homo parents and will be looking forward to the publication of more about this family most eagerly.

Nature Notes

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY GARLAND: The Flower and Fruit Arrangements of Colonial Williamsburg. By Louise B. Fischer. Colonial Williamsburg, Williamsburg, Va. $3.75. This is a lovely book. Mrs. Fischer is an artist in her field, and the photographer, Thomas L. Williams, and the printer, the Lakeside Press of Chicago, have collaborated with her with complete effectiveness. Of the thirty-two page plates, eight are in breathtaking color, and the rest in striking and handsome gravure. The text, which is well able to stand on its own feet, is a season-by-season narrative, with clear and concise directions, of how Mrs. Fischer goes about her devoted and skilled activities.

If there is today a Garden Book of the Year, here is the perfect candidate for the honor—or don't cut flowers count? One look at these delightful pages ought to certify their eligibility. Here is high pleasure and noble solace to soothe eye and mind in a troubled day.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

COOPERATION AMONG ANIMALS. By W. C. Allee. Henry Schuman. $3.50. The author of this book is a distinguished American biologist who taught

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DAY OF RECKONING *John Garden* (Lippincott: $2.75)	Dyke Farne loved his wife, Felicity—and so he killed her, pushing her into the gentle English river. When confession becomes his only personal salvation — will anyone believe?	A probing of conscience that keeps you reading; characters and situation believable, writing excellent; but the logic of the disbelief in Dyke's confession won't stand scrutiny.	Non-mysterious, but refreshing
THE MAGICIAN *F. L. Green* (Coward-McCann: $3)	Against a background of postwar England's black-markets and general moral confusion, crime and punishment and a conjurer's ability to create hallucinations do a strangely confused duo-softshoe act.	Ingredients of a nightmare—and well-mixed and spooned out; but injustice is done book and author by presentation in "mystery" field. Perhaps half-baked as "mysticism," but very promising.	Worth reading
STRAW MAN *Doris Miles Disney* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Insurance adjuster Jeff DiMarco is rushed to Connecticut when hundred-grand-insured Linc Hunter is sentenced to die for murder. Striving to find evidence to save client—and money—Jeff meets strange cross-currents.	Skill and interesting tale here; but the tactic of giving away the mystery at mid-point lets suspense down with thud and turns plot into cops-and-robbers.	Half-and-half
MURDER IN BLACK AND WHITE *David Alexander* (Random House: $2.50)	Phil Caselli, ex-fighter, was dead in Greenwich Village —but then he wasn't dead. A little man in a white suit was there — but then he wasn't there. Private-eye Terry Rooke has a tough time, including parrots, penguins, dwarfs, and his 300-lb. boss, T. Twotoes.	Amazing, merry mish-mash that goes down tastily for a while—until mental indigestion makes you long for the soda-mint of a little less whimsy and more straight narrative.	Notwithstanding —this boy is good

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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for many years at the University of Chicago and who now, in retirement, continues his research, his teaching, and his writing at the University of Florida. An absorbing interest in what might be called animal sociology, or the nature of group processes on subhuman levels, has characterized his entire career. He contends that all animals, and not merely those who graze in herds or congregate in colonies, live at some time or another with others of their kind and that none is solitary. This fact has certain consequences, the most important of which, perhaps, is that cooperation and mutual aid, as well as competition and struggle for existence, appear on the biological level.

Professor Allee is excellent when he summarizes the researches—his own and those of others—which indicate the influence of the group factor upon the vital processes of animals. When he permits himself to extrapolate from the nip order in fishes, the pecking order in hens, and the fighting order in lizards to the class structure of human societies, however, and even further to the nature of warfare and of international organization, he is going far beyond his data—as he himself is candid enough to recognize. His "human implications" are not devoid of interest, but neither, unfortunately, are they very helpful to the human sociologist. His book, incidentally, is an amplified revision of his earlier, and most successful, "The Social Life of Animals."

—ROBERT BIERSTEDT.

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—J. T. W.

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(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 49)

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GENTLE YOUNG MISS welcomes corespondence from lovers of music, poetry, outdoor life, sincere, "real" people. Box 303-J.

MISS of many interests seeks intelligent, intellectual male correspondence. Box 304-J.

CULTURED LADY, fond of books, nature, and the fine arts, invites correspondence from mature gentleman. Box 305-J.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Peak, 9893 ft., in central Idaho.	22 2 157 47 78 181 149
B. Scotch form of Alexander.	151 56 4 1 32 27 124 138 93
C. American novelist (1900-38).	37 103 175 49 29
D. Obligatory (with "on" or "upon").	99 90 75 136 129 178 172 163 16
E. Cram; gorge (chiefly Scotch).	68 20 25 82 5
F. Appellation of "apple" as fruit of wild service tree.	180 140 132 121 168
G. Personification of evil in form of a serpent (Egypt. relig.).	12 104 115 152 31 9 170
H. Diana's faithful friend and lover in Meredith's "Diana of the Crossways".	35 11 23 79 48 116 30 66
I. Deliverance.	137 154 91 125 112 69 44 169 177 101
J. No longer approved.	26 92 148 95 14 164 108 117
K. English caricaturist (1817-64; on staff of "Punch" from 1841).	8 127 183 28 77
L. Haughty; proud; arrogant.	105 130 160 171 36
M. Pertaining to the depths in ocean waters reached by sunlight.	13 150 18 50 21 10 6 65 83 67 86
N. One who performs menial tasks.	145 113 3 120 43
O. To punish in general; to mulct.	87 24 159 182 107 76
P. Son of Ishmael (Bib.).	88 134 158 118 38 166 60 84
Q. Abounds.	139 94 96 58 179
R. Tapestry-woven carpet named for the French commune where it is made.	111 162 133 147 109 53 61 102
S. Noted Austrian-born pianist in America who died recently.	135 165 51 110 122 55 85 7
T. Sameness; want of variety.	80 142 123 100 156 161 167 17
U. English authoress of four great novels (1775-1817).	70 143 39 62 52 97
V. To give forth with effort (2 wds.).	144 63 71 153 19 98
W. American warbler whose nest is built on the ground.	46 126 59 74
X. To make over or repair.	131 73 173 45 33 106 119 15
Y. Hastily or rashly energetic.	72 155 41 34 174 81 146 54 114
Z. County in Scotland containing Alloway, birthplace of Robert Burns.	42 176 128 64 40 57 141 89

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

								1 B	2 A	3 N		4 B	5 E	6 M	7 S	8 K		9 G
	10 M	11 H			12 G			13 M	14 J	15 X	16 D		17 T	18 M	19 V		20 E	21 M
22 A	23 H			24 O	25 E			26 J	27 B	28 K	29 C		30 H	31 G	32 B		33 X	34 Y
35 H	36 L			37 C	38 P	39 U	40 Z			41 Y	42 Z	43 N	44 I	45 X	46 W	47 A		48 H
49 C		50 M	51 S	52 U			53 R	54 Y	55 S	56 B	57 Z	58 Q	59 W		60 P	61 R		
62 U	63 V	64 Z	65 M			66 H	67 M	68 E		69 I	70 U	71 V	72 Y	73 X	74 W	75 D	76 O	
	77 K	78 A	79 H			80 T	81 Y	82 E	83 M		84 P	85 S		86 M	87 O	88 P		
89 Z	90 D	91 I	92 J	93 B	94 Q			95 J	96 Q	97 U	98 V	99 D	100 T	101 I		102 R	103 C	
	104 G	105 L	106 X	107 O	108 J	109 R			110 S	111 R	112 I	113 N	114 Y		115 G	116 H		
117 J	118 P	119 X	120 N	121 F			122 S	123 T	124 B		125 I	126 W	127 K	128 Z	129 D	130 L	131 X	
132 F		133 R	134 P			135 S	136 D	137 I	138 B		139 Q	140 F	141 Z	142 T	143 U	144 V	145 N	
146 Y	147 R	148 J		149 A	150 M	151 B			152 G	153 V	154 I	155 Y		156 T	157 A		158 P	
159 O		160 L	161 T	162 R	163 D	164 J			165 S	166 P	167 T	168 F	169 I	170 G	171 L	172 D	173 X	
174 Y	175 C	176 Z		177 I	178 D	179 Q	180 F	181 A	182 O	183 K								

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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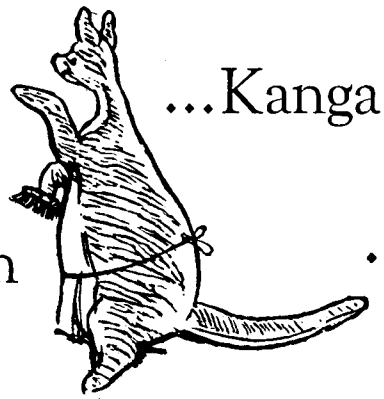

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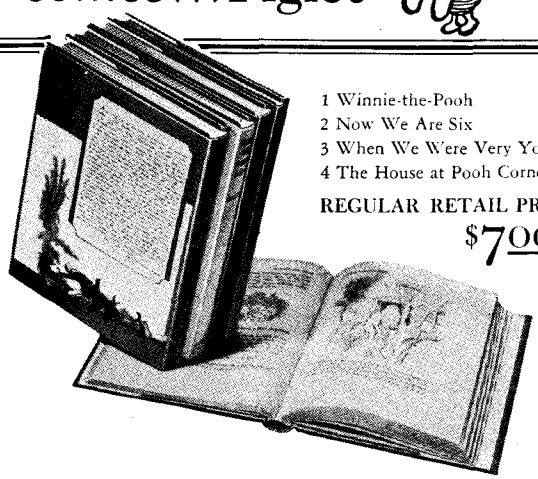

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WHAT YOU PAY . . . AND HOW: You simply pay *the special members' price* for each selection you buy, which is usually lower than the retail price. A bill is mailed with each book you take. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN . . . WHAT IT IS: After your first purchase, with every second book you buy — from among the Club selections and Special Editions — you receive a Book-Dividend. This member-profit-sharing is similar to what happens in any consumer co-operative. A fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a fund, which is finally invested in enormous editions of other books, and these are the Book-Dividends you receive as a member.

GOOD SENSE FOR READING FAMILIES: *Why not get from the Club the monthly selections you would buy anyway?* You will usually pay less for them and you will share in the Club's Book-Dividends. And, not least, you will actually receive and read particular new books, which you are anxious not to miss, but which you frequently do fail to read — through oversight or procrastination.

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